POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

CHARLES PEACE'S SENSATIONAL LEAP FOR LIBERTY.

Vol. 1.—No. 4.

Charles Peace

"Hatred destroyeth as the upas tree; anger smiteth as a staff; Hatred is the atmosphere of hell; but anger is known in heaven."

CHAPTER III.

He Leaps for Life from an Express Train—But He is Captured and put on His Trial for Murder.

THE case at Sheffield was given in charge of Inspector Phillips, who immediately made the necessary affidavits, and asked for a writ of "habeas corpus" to enable him to claim the person of "John Ward" from the Governor of Pentonville, where he was then confined. The writ was immediately granted and arrangements made to take the prisoner to the county in which he committed the murder, and there charge him with the offence. Accordingly, on January 22, 1879, two stalwart warders came to the prison door and demanded that Ward, alias Peace, should be given into their custody. This was done, and the party left King's Cross Railway Station by the 5.15 a.m. train, which was due to arrive at Sheffield at nine o'clock the same morning.

At Peterborough the prisoner asked to be allowed to get out, and went to the lavatory. The warders found the greatest difficulty in coaxing him to return to the carriage, and the train had to be kept waiting for him. To remonstrances he merely observed, "What have I to do with trains and their times now?"

Seeing that this nuisance was likely to be repeated at every stopping-place, the chief warder provided himself with several little bags, one of which was handed to the convict whenever he desired it, and he was told that he would not be allowed to leave the compartment till his arrival at Sheffield. On account also of this weakness he had no irons put on his legs, but he was handcuffed. His fetters were connected by a chain six inches long, to which was attached another chain for the warders to hold him by.

The moment that Peace saw the little bags and was told what they were for he saw a chance of escape. He pretended that the jolting of the carriage had increased his infirmity, and used several of the bags on the way till he saw a fitting opportunity. When the train was between Worksop and Shireoaks the convict judged that the proper spot for the attempt had been reached. The ground in that part is level, and the neighbouring woods would afford a means of hiding till he could get out of the country.

"Give me another bag," he whined; "I am bad again."

The warder did so, and the window was dropped for him to throw it out when he had done with it. Peace turned towards the window, the assistant-warder standing close behind him.

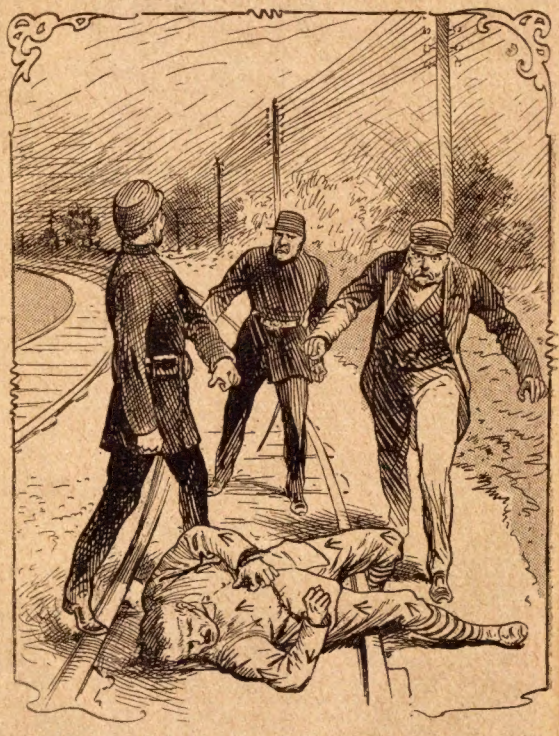
Suddenly, like lightning, he took a flying leap head first through the open window. The extreme rapidity of the movement took the warder by surprise, but he managed to grasp the fugitive by the left foot. Thus he held the criminal, head downwards, kicking violently at his captor, shouting and struggling to get free. The chief warder was unable to assist his colleague, for there was only room for one at the window, so he rushed to the other side of the train and pulled the communication cord to alarm the driver and stop the train. Something had gone wrong with the apparatus, and it would not act, but some gentlemen in a neighbouring compartment heard the shouting, and, seeing the situation, assisted in attracting the guard's attention.

All this time the struggle was going on violently at the opposite window, Peace making frantic efforts to shake himself free. At last, when the train had gone for about a couple of miles, the shoe by which the warder was holding came off, and the convict fell, striking the footboard with his head and rebounding on to the side of the line. The train was travelling at full speed, for Peace got free just as the engine-driver was about to shut off steam, and it was more than a mile before the locomotive could be stopped.

The warders and a Mr. Barlow, who had witnessed part of the fight from an adjoining carriage, alighted and hurried back in pursuit of their charge. But Peace was not fortunate in his jump. They found him lying insensible on the line, badly injured, for he had been dragged about twelve yards. They picked him up and carried him to the side of the permanent way. After a few minutes, consciousness returned, and Peace begged his captors to cover him up, as he was very cold. This they did with their coats, and the party waited till a slow train came along. The warders shouted and made signals to the guard and driver that a dangerous convict had escaped, and the engine was stopped.

He was a sorry object when he was lifted into the guard's van and laid on the floor, blood streaming from a large gash over the right ear and his clothing torn. The guard provided a rug, and the unhappy man was made as comfortable as circumstances permitted. He curled himself up like a wounded dog, and remained silent till the train reached Sheffield.

Meanwhile, Sheffield was in a great state of excitement. As early as six in the morning a huge crowd gathered at the doors of the station, all eager to catch sight of the notorious villain. As nine o'clock approached, the prison van was drawn up close to the entrance, and the mob swayed to and fro, straining to get a glimpse of the offender. Then the train came in, and the people began to hoot and yell to testify their execration for the murderer.



They found him lying insensible.

Suddenly a rumour came from within the station: "Peace has jumped out! Peace has escaped!"

But, no; the Sheffield lads were not to be put off like that. They would not allow themselves to be hoaxed by the police. That was merely a blind to get the station-yard

clear. However, the more favoured ones saw the guard hand over to Inspector Bird a sword, bag, and rug belonging to one of the warders, and passed the word along. Even then it was thought impossible for a man, however desperate, to take such an awful leap, and it was hinted that the warders had taken their charge out of the train at Darnall and driven him quietly to the police-court. Thither then the crowd went, hoping to gain admittance.

Considerably before nine o'clock the court-room was packed with an eager throng, who had waited long for the doors to be opened. Shortly after nine the Chief Constable was seen to enter in a hurry, and, mounting the Bench, informed the audience that he had just been told that Charles Peace had escaped from custody. Nevertheless, the people waited, and later could hear the shouts of the crowd which had come from the railway-station.

At ten o'clock the stipendiary, Mr. Welby, took his seat, and the witnesses for the prosecution were admitted into court through the magistrate's entrance. Mr. Pollard, solicitor for the Crown, and Mr. Clegg, defending the prisoner, were in their places, but the dock was empty.

Late comers brought the news from outside that Peace had been recaptured and was in the police cells, and the spectators in court waited eagerly, for they expected that, at least, he would be put into the dock for a few minutes and formally charged, but, after a short consultation with the Chief Constable, Mr. Welby announced that in consequence of the injuries which Peace had received he was unable to attend, and that, therefore, the case would be adjourned for a week. At the same time he begged the people to disperse slowly, as there was a large mob at the doors of the court.

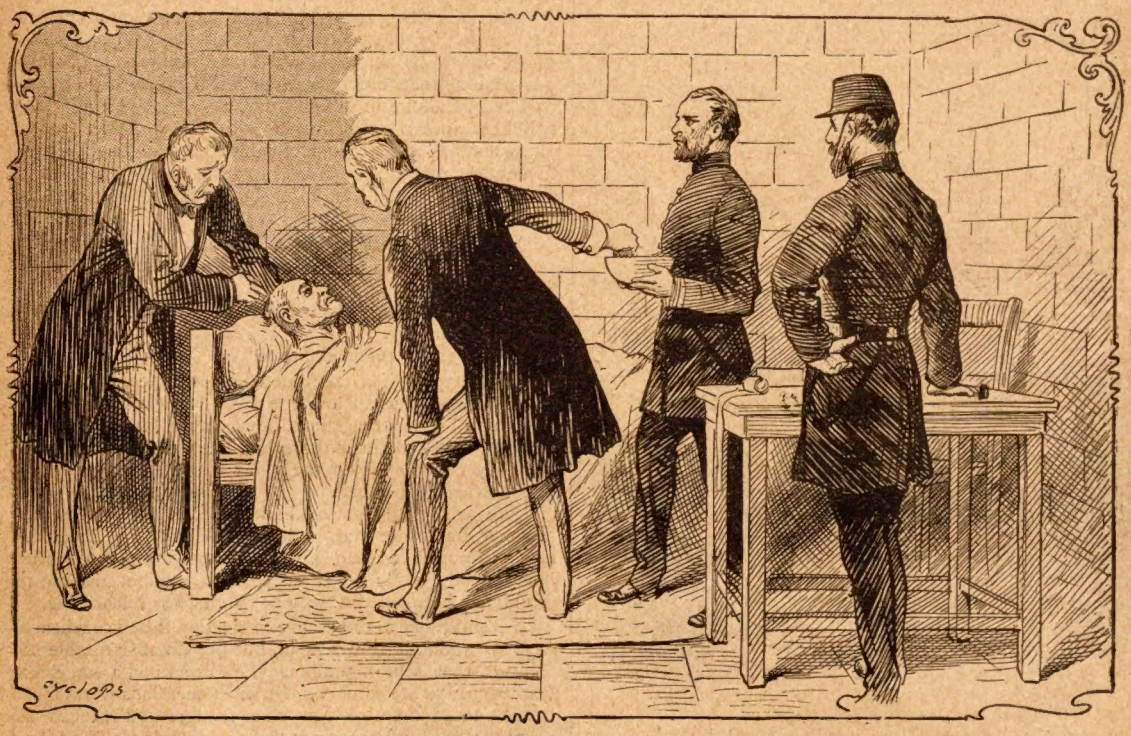
In the meantime, the wretched Peace had been brought to Sheffield, and laid on the floor of the prison van in charge of the warders, and conveyed to the police-station, where he was placed in bed in a cell. Two surgeons were called, and they found that he was suffering from a large scalp wound, concussion of the brain, and great exhaustion, but that there was no reason to fear that he would die—at least, as the result of the accident.

In a day or two his condition improved wonderfully, a fact which rather depressed him, for it is probable that he reckoned either on escape or death; indeed, it is said that a paper was found on him bearing the words:

"Bury me at Darnall. Good-bye. God bless you all."

At any rate, the authorities were apprehensive, and never allowed him to be alone for a minute, one warder sleeping in his cell with him, while a second kept watch. On the following Friday he was sufficiently well to be able to attend his preliminary examination. The exact day on which this was to take place was concealed from the general public to avoid a crowd, but members of the Press were privately warned on the previous evening. Peace himself was not told until the moment he had to go into court.

When the time arrived a large armchair was carried into his cell, and he was lifted into it by the warders, who bore him into the well of the court.



HE WAS SUFFERING FROM A LARGE SCALP WOUND.

"What are we here for? What is this?" he inquired, looking round.

"This is the preliminary examination, which is being continued after being adjourned the other day," replied the stipendiary.

Here it may be explained that there had been several inquiries and the evidence of the unimportant witnesses taken previously, the prisoner being represented by Mr. Clegg, his lawyer, who agreed that it was not advisable to bring the convict up from Pentonville till absolutely necessary. It now only remained to take the evidence of Mrs. Dyson, who had been brought from America for that purpose.

The prisoner groaned and said: "I am not able to bear it. I ought not to be brought here."

Mr. Welby: "Then you must do the best you can. This is only the preliminary inquiry. You are not obliged to be here either, so you must attend as well as you can. You are represented by your solicitor, and this inquiry is to be finished to-day.

Peace: "I wish to God there was something across my shoulders. I am very cold. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Then I am to be committed to-day?"

Magistrate: "The preliminary inquiry will be finished, and if the evidence is sufficient you will be committed."

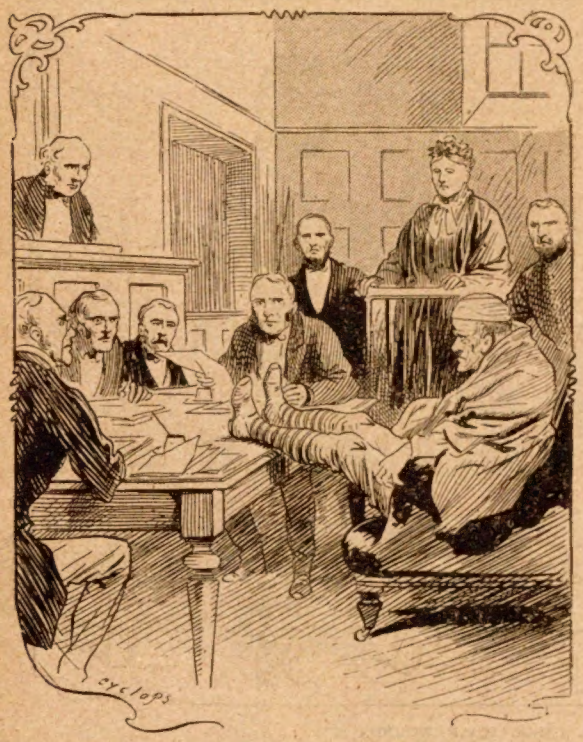
Prisoner: "I want to have my solicitor here. Oh, dear! And I want to call my witnesses."

Mr. Clegg: "You will have sufficient time for that; you will have plenty of time to call your witnesses."

Prisoner (groaning): "I am not able to go on. Oh, I am so cold!" One of the warders here gave him a thick rug. "I am not able to go on; I am not. This is not justice; it is not justice."

The Stipendiary: "You must take it for what it is."

Prisoner (recovering himself): "Then I say it is not justice; it is not justice. Why does not my solicitor prevent this and ask for a remand? What is my solicitor doing not to prevent this? Tell my solicitor I want him."



Impudently placed his feet on the table.

Mr. Clegg: "Well, what do you want?"

Peace (sharply): "Why don't you ask for a remand?"

Stipendiary: "It is no use asking for a remand at all, I tell you. The inquiry is going to be proceeded with."

Prisoner (piteously and whining): "It is not justice. I am not able to go on. You know how I am. Oh, dear! it is no matter if I'd killed myself. It would be no matter. You know how I am, and ought to have a remand. I feel I want it, and must have a remand."

Mr. Welby: "Remand will not be granted, and you had better attend to what is said."

Mr. Clegg: "If you want to say anything, wait until I am cross-examining Mrs. Dyson, and it can be done then. You had better save your energies until then. The inquiry will be proceeded with to-day."

After this little passage of arms, Mrs. Dyson was called. She swore to the writing on the card which was found in the field being her husband's, but could not recognise the writing on any of the other documents put in. She was then allowed to stand down for a few moments, while Police-Inspector Bradbury swore to the bullet which had been taken from the brain of poor Mr. Dyson; he also handed in a certain photograph, which had been received from the Chief Constable.

Mrs. Dyson was then recalled, and questioned as to that photo, which was one of herself and Peace, and which, she declared, was taken in the early part of the year 1876. She also was shown a locket which contained a photograph of herself, and that, she said, was a copy of one which she had had taken in Ohio; the original had disappeared. It was produced by the police. Mr. Clegg then attempted to discredit Mrs. Dyson's truthfulness. He asked her when she was married, and the good lady could not say. She did not even remember the year, but she had a marriage certificate, which was with her agents in America. The Stipendiary took exception to this line of cross-examination, saying that really it was not relevant to the case, nor did he see the slightest use in dragging all a witness's early life into an inquiry like this, especially at the magisterial investigations.

Next Mr. Clegg turned his attention to a letter concerning the framing of a portrait of a relative of Mrs. Dyson's, which he wished her to say was in her handwriting, but she was positive that, though certain pictures had been framed by Peace, the one in question was not among them. She had been into a public-house with the prisoner several times, and had also accompanied him to a picture-gallery and to another place of amusement. She could not swear to the exact date when she did so, but it was in the summer of 1876.

During this part of the examination the prisoner impudently placed his feet on the table, for he was sitting in front of the dock.

"You must not put your feet on the table!" said the magistrate sharply.

"All right!" rejoined Peace.

Mrs. Dyson then continued her evidence, speaking as to the life at Darnall and the little unpleasantness which first caused the estrangement between her husband and the convict. Several times there had been quarrels after that, but they culminated on the night that Peace presented a pistol at her in the road.

She admitted that she had accepted a ring from the prisoner, but swore that the letter written to him about that ring was not in her handwriting, though the solicitor made her write the same sentences to his dictation, and the resemblance between the two documents was remarkable.

Several times in the course of the day Peace commenced to groan and appeared very ill, but the Chief Constable had foreseen that item of diplomacy, and retained a surgeon in court to see to the convict. On most occasions it was found that he was shamming, but when matters had reached this stage it was found necessary to have a chair for him to rest his legs upon.

Mr. Clegg wished to pursue further the question of the letters, but Mr. Welby said that if it were proved that Mrs. Dyson did write that particular letter enough had been done to discredit her evidence, and she should be indicted for perjury. Peace's solicitor still persisted, until the Stipendiary ruled that he was not to speak any more on that point.

Continuing, the witness said that she had left Darnall on account of the prisoner's persecution, and because she and her husband were really afraid. She did not see him between the day she took out a summons against him till the evening of their arrival at Banner-Cross. The prisoner had threatened to blow out her brains and those of Mr. Dyson. Then Mrs. Dyson described what took place on the night of the murder, and was most emphatic in asseverating that Mr. Dyson never got within touching distance of the prisoner.

She was ordered to stand down, and her place was taken by Constable Pearson, who was one of the two officers sent to Hull on the day after the murder to arrest Peace. He merely said that he saw the woman Hannah Peace there, and that she posed as the prisoner's wife.

That closed the evidence for the prosecution, and Mr. Pollard pointed out to the magistrate that the attempt to escape from the train was in itself proof presumptive of the

prisoner's guilt; but Mr. Welby remarked that he thought a convict undergoing penal servitude for life had a very good reason for trying to regain his liberty.

The depositions were then read over to the convict, who behaved in a most unruly manner. He laid his head on the table in front of him, pulled the rug over to hide himself, and shouted rude interruptions from beneath the blanket, at times uttering mournful howls. Once he sprang up and shouted that he ought to be taken to his cell. The warders restrained him till all the documents were read and signed, and then he cried out piteously: "Cannot you call my witnesses? What is the use of my having witnesses if they are not to be called."

Magistrate: "Listen to me."

Peace: "I cannot have them called."

Magistrate: "Oh, yes, you can. Listen to me. You first of all have to make a statement, and then, if there are any witnesses to be called, they can be called. (Interruption.) Now, listen to me. The charge against you is that you wilfully and of malice aforethought did kill and murder one Arthur Dyson on October 29, 1876. Having heard the evidence, do you wish to say anything in answer to the charge?"

Prisoner: "Yes; I wish to say that——"

Magistrate: "You are not obliged to say anything in answer to the charge. What you do say will be taken down and may be used in evidence against you."

Mr. Clegg: "If you take my advice, you will simply say 'Not guilty.'"

Prisoner: "I say I am not guilty, and that justice has not been done to me so that I can prove I am not guilty. That is what I want. I want that. I want justice done. Why don't they let me call my witnesses, because you are asking me shall my witnesses be called? Why should they not be called here? Why, because I have not the money to pay the expenses."

Stipendiary: "What is it you complain of?"

Prisoner: "I want my witnesses called to prove that I have really not done this."

Stipendiary: "Are there any witnesses to be called?"

Prisoner: "Yes, sir."

Stipendiary: "Are they here?"

Prisoner: "Yes, sir."

Magistrate: "Then you must ask your solicitor."

Mr. Robinson (Clerk of the Court, reading): "You say, 'I say I am not guilty, and I want my witnesses called to prove I am not guilty.'"

Prisoner: "That is what I said. I have lots of witnesses who can prove that that base, bad woman has threatened my life and has threatened her husband's life. But I can't talk to you; I am so bad. I feel very bad. But she has threatened to take my life often."

Magistrate: "Is that what you say?"

Prisoner: "I say I am not guilty, and I say I have not had justice done me to prove I am not guilty, and that I want my witnesses called." Shouting: "I say I can prove I have not threatened her life. She has threatened her husband's and pointed pistols and things at me."

Stipendiary: "Have you any witnesses to-day? You are not taking your trial to-day. This is only a preliminary examination."

Prisoner: "I cannot have those witnesses without I pay for them."

Mr. Clegg: "I say, I don't intend calling any witnesses to-day."

The Clerk of the Court next asked Peace if he would like to sign his statement, and, after a little shuffling and pretending that he was too weak even to lift a pen, Peace wrote his name firmly at the bottom of the paper. He was then formally committed to take his trial at the next assizes at Leeds. The prisoner eagerly asked when they were, and when told that they took place in the following week seemed very depressed. As the court rose he begged to be allowed to sit by the fire for a short time before he was taken back to his cell, but the Chief Constable assured the magistrate that the cells were well warmed, and that it was only the draught from the passage of the court-house that Peace was complaining of, so he was taken off to the police-station to await removal to Wakefield Gaol. As it was late in the day when the proceedings terminated, it was decided to postpone his transference till the following morning.

Early on the morrow the prison van was drawn into the yard of the police-station, and a mattress laid on the floor. Plenty of rugs were thrown in, and then two warders and Inspector Bradbury hurried down the steps, bearing a huddled-up brown mass, which was all that could be seen of the notorious Peace. The vehicle was rapidly driven to the station and up to a siding, where stood a passenger guard's van. In an instant the doors were opened, and out stepped several members of the Sheffield constabulary. They were followed by the warders carrying the convict, who was taken into the van, and his bed and rugs brought in after him. The doors were locked on Peace and his attendants.

The public had thronged to the station to catch sight of

Bearing a huddled-up brown mass.

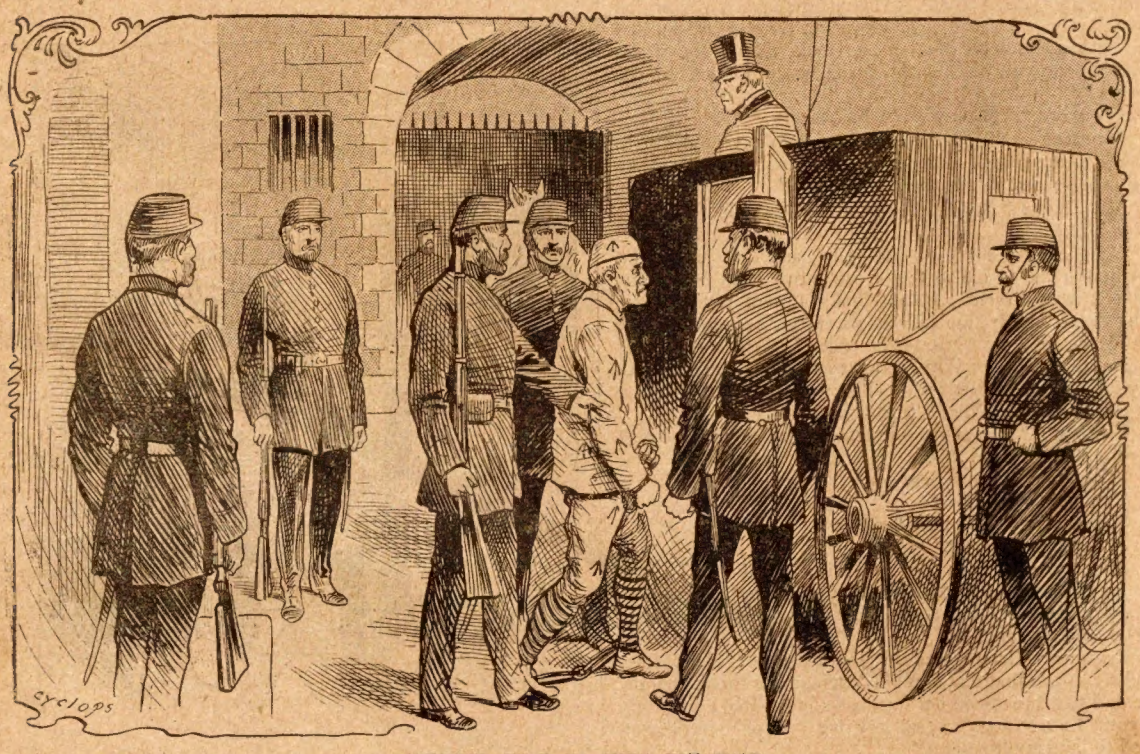
the Banner-Cross murderer—for such the people already called him—but the precaution of having the empty coach ready prior to the arrival of the train prevented all but about half-a-dozen persons from seeing even the bundle of rugs which hid the miserable criminal. The instant the London train drew up at the platform the car was pushed from the siding and attached to the rear, and the journey commenced. At Sandal the convict's carriage was detached and hooked on to the Wakefield train, reaching the latter place about three in the afternoon. One of the warders jumped out and called a cab, into which Peace was hurried and driven to Wakefield Gaol. The Pentonville warders received a receipt for the prisoner's body from the Governor of the prison, and returned to London.

This was not the first time that Charles Peace had been in this particular prison. In 1854 he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for burglary, and was sent to Wakefield. His visit there was well remembered, for it was during that time that he tried his hand at prison-breaking, and nearly succeeded in getting away. It happened thus:

Peace was employed in the "beaming-room," a department of the mat-making factory. One day, while the

charge of a warder named Roberts, he noticed that the door of the apartment had been accidentally left unfastened. To edge up to it and bolt when the warder's back was turned was the work of a moment. Once outside the building he managed to climb on to a wall, and from there gained the roof of the doctor's house. He then removed a few slates, and crept thus into one of the bedrooms, where he hid himself, trusting to make good his flight under cover of darkness. The instant he was missed from the workroom the alarm was raised, and a diligent search began, which resulted in the discovery of the convict curled up on the top of the doctor's wardrobe, from which he had intended to borrow a suit of clothes in the course of the night.

For this breach of discipline he was condemned to solitary confinement, and placed in one of the punishment cells. Restraint only made him violent, and he attempted to commit suicide, gashing his throat severely. His rash act was



PRETENDED THAT HE COULD NOT WALK.

discovered in time to save his life, but he bore the mark for the rest of his days.

A week passes quickly enough for the ordinary man; how much quicker must the days glide by when each brings one nearer to the instant when the question of life or death has to be determined!

As the crime took place in Yorkshire, Peace had to be taken to the Leeds Courts for trial, and the regulations ordained that a prisoner committed on the capital charge should spend, at least, the night prior to his trial in the county gaol. The Governor of Wakefield had, therefore, to make arrangements to deliver up the convict into the custody of the Governor of Armley Gaol.

Through the Press the public learnt that this was the law, and for the whole of Tuesday and Wednesday, even till half-past one at night, the approaches of the prison and railway-station were watched by morbid and curious folk. Not wishing to gratify this vulgar craving for the horrible, Captain Armytage prepared a clever plan. One of the councillors of Wakefield was a cab-owner, and Captain Armytage sent for him. The councillor was pleased at the invitation, and immediately presented himself at the prison. He was then told to have two carriages in readiness punctually at half-past one on Wednesday afternoon, and he was enjoined to preserve the strictest secrecy.

Exactly at the moment one coach was driven into the prison yard, where Peace, heavily manacled and guarded by three fully-armed warders, was waiting. He looked sulky, and pretended that he could not walk, but when he was ordered to step into the vehicle he did so with a scowl on his face, but without difficulty. This carriage was immediately driven out of the prison and up Back Lane before anyone was a bit the wiser.

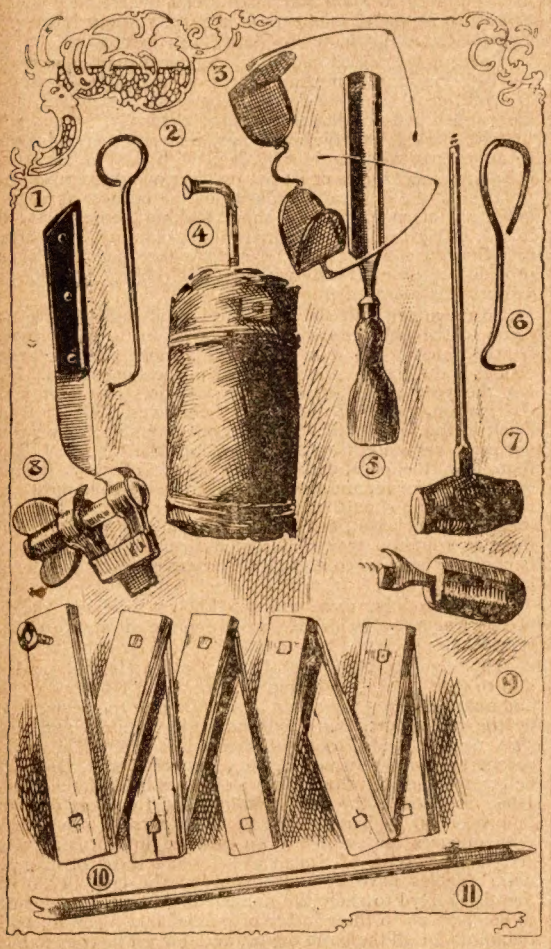
The second cab was walked carelessly up Back Lane, where it was met by a strong body of armed warders, who stepped into it opposite St. John's Church, and followed in the wake of the vehicle containing the accused. Once clear of the town, a circuitous route was taken to throw the inquisitive off the scent, and Leeds was reached by way of the Bradford Road. Peace was safely in his cell at Armley before the people of Wakefield were aware that he had been removed from their midst.

That night Peace slept badly; some kind of premonition seemed to possess him that when he returned to the gaol on the following evening his quarters would be in the cell set apart for those marked for slaughter. Can we wonder that he was anxious, that he dreaded his ordeal of the morrow?

On the next day—February 4, 1879—the court-room at Leeds was packed. Representatives of every class of society were there, from titled dame to humble worker, the Church, the Law, and Medicine, and, of course, the Press. Long before the time for the judge to take his seat on the Bench the ushers and police had to refuse further admission. Suddenly there are cries of silence, and, robed in scarlet and ermine, the judge stalks in. Again there is call for silence, while the Clerk of the Court exclaims, "Let Charles Peace stand forward!"

All eyes are turned to the dock, in which are already seated the Governors of Wakefield and Armley Gaols. Then

there shuffled into the railed enclosure a miserable, stunted figure, clad in the garb of a convict. Anxiously he scans the court, till his eyes rest on the judge. When had he last seen him? Was it not the same judge, Mr. Justice Lopes, who had tried and condemned the two Habrons at Manchester the day before the Banner-Cross tragedy? Peace turned slightly pale; try as he would, he could not forget the picture of the judge, with his black cap on, sentencing William Habron to be "hanged by the neck until he was dead," and with a shudder he wondered whether "Charles Peace" would be substituted for "William Habron" in the formula. He had an awful premonition that this would be so.



Charles Peace's "Tools of Trade."

Drawn from the Originals in the Black Museum at Scotland Yard.

1. Special Knife with wooden handle. 2 & 6. Picklocks. 3. Smoke-glass Spectacles with wire-gauze side-pieces. 4. Home-made False Arm, worn at times by the criminal. 5. Gouge with shortened handle. 7. Strong Gimlet. 8. Vice. 9. Centre Bit, fixed in strong wooden handle to secure a good grip. 10. His Curious Folding Ladder. 11. Jemmy.

Almost before he had recovered from his shock the voice of the clerk continues, reading the charge that "on the 29th day of November, 1876, he did feloniously, wilfully, and of malice aforethought murder one Arthur Dyson."

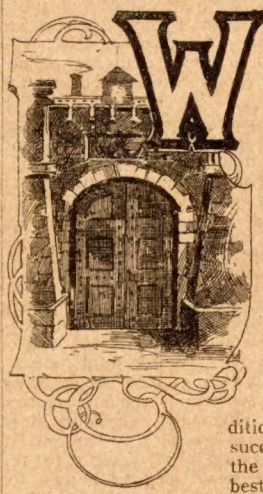
"How say you, Charles Peace, are you guilty or not guilty?" demanded the Clerk of Arraigns.

From the dock came a feeble voice, whining petulantly: "Not guilty!"

CRIMINAL BRITAIN.

HOW THE MASSES OF EVIL-DOERS FLOURISH IN OUR MIDST.

"Tremble, thou wretch,
Thou hast within thee undivulged CRIMES,
Unwhipped of justice."
—SHAKESPEARE, "King Lear."



WHILE we lie in our beds, comfortable and secure, at night, how few of us give a passing thought to the great mass of wrongdoers who are either prowling about the streets, intent on crime, or resting uneasily on the prison benches, expiating some fault which they have committed against society? Yet that there is such a large body of people in our fair land, no one who reads his papers, no one who takes the least interest in the "submerged tenth" can possibly be unaware of.

Year by year sees the same problem laid before those who have to do with the reformation of the criminal classes, "How can we improve the moral condition of our people?" and each succeeding New Year's Day evokes the same plaint, "We have done our best, but still crime stalks rampant through the land."

At last, however, there is a slight decrease in the number of those who have been captured and punished, for the figures for the last return show that 770,853 persons were haled before the justices during the twelve months reported on, as against 811,817 in the preceding year.

This is encouraging, but it is not all that is needed, for it must be remembered that a large number of crimes have lately been mysteries in spite of the unremitting attention of the police.

Here, however, is more hopeful news. Of the seven hundred thousand odd persons brought before the authorities of the land, no fewer than 624,706 were convicted, this being the largest average of convictions ever yet touched in civilised times. The odds, therefore, have now been changed from three to one against the prisoner to seven to one against him, a proof that the changes in the police personnel is having its due effect.

Prisoners are tried in different courts, and for the convenience of summarising the various classes of offenders, it would be well if we divide up the mass of offenders according to the species of court in which they are tried.

First, we have the people who were arraigned in Courts of Assize or at Quarter Sessions. We take these two tribunals together, for they try practically the same class of misdoers. Ten thousand one hundred and forty-nine were placed in the dock, the total being one thousand less than in the previous year. Of these, 7,975 were convicted, and the balance, of course, acquitted. Twenty were found guilty of murder, of whom thirteen actually paid their penalty on the scaffold; 728 were sent to penal servitude, and 6,430 to hard labour. Of these last two classes 147 had their sentences subsequently reduced. In 640 cases the judges saw fit to bind the convicted criminals over in recognisances to come up for sentence if called on. This last method of dealing with occasional criminals has proved effective, and is to be encouraged.

But though this number of malefactors brought before these higher courts is greatly less than in previous years, the improvement must not be attributed entirely to the police,

or to the decrease of crime. The Summary Jurisdiction Act of 1899 is still making itself felt, with the result that many who have for the first time fallen into the paths of sin are dealt with in the lower courts by the magistrates.

In connection with another article which is contained in this issue, I would also point out that almost five thousand—4,885, to be exact—of those whom the judges sentenced had previously been convicted. Such habitual criminals have increased six per cent. in the last ten years. This is partly due to the improved methods of registering old criminals by means of the Bertillon system, which enables the authorities to "spot" a man under whatever alias he may choose to assume at the police station.

Now, what were these poor creatures convicted of? Well, the law reports divide all breaches of the law into six classes, and we shall do the same. First and foremost comes offences against the person, which include the whole gamut of assaults, from murder to beating a child too severely.

Two thousand three hundred and seventy-nine people heard the verdict of guilty pronounced against them for these offences. Crimes against property, with violence, such as robbery with violence, sent 1,763 people to gaol, and several of these had their backs warmed with the cat o' nine tails; indeed the fear of that instrument has reduced the number of the Hooligan set for the year. Next comes those who commit robbery and similar offences against property without violence, and they number just over five thousand, about the average number.

Malicious injury to property, such as arson or cattle maiming, accounted for 239 people being convicted; forgery and coining for 253, and the sixth category is composed of miscellaneous offences which brought four hundred persons to face the judges.

Taken all round, the law register we are discussing approaches more nearly to that of 1887 than any other of recent dates.

Now we come to the minor offender, the type of individual who finds his way into the dock in the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction, there to be dealt with. In round numbers, 760,000 prisoners were dealt with in these tribunals, and of these, 616,731 were convicted. As to the punishments, naturally, fines rank the largest, over 531,000 people being mulcted for their indiscretions, of whom 78,000 preferred to go to prison in default of payment. Ordinary hard labour found employment for 66,000; 3,234 boys were birched, at a cost of about two shillings each to the Treasury; a paltry 120 adults were sent to homes for inebriates, and one thousand two hundred and fifty children were lodged in reformatories. The balance were bound over in their own or their friends' recognisances to be of good behaviour or to come up for judgment when required to do so.

With regard to the breaches of discipline with which these persons were charged, as is to be expected, the black mark of drunkenness looms large on the charge sheets, but—a fact which will come as a surprise to the uninitiated, in view of the new legislation on the subject—the crime of drunkenness has decreased, as far as the last published reports tell us. It must not be forgotten that drunkenness is at the very root of an enormous percentage of other offences which are catalogued under more grave headings.

Assault, too, has waned, possibly the fear of the whipping-block aiding in this desirable result, but offences against military law have largely increased. This last must be regarded as ephemeral, inasmuch as the conditions of war service, and the treatment which soldiers have received when they have returned home, is bound to make such crimes common for a few years to come.

One feature in the list which one cannot help being sorry to see is the large number of orders which had to be made for the maintenance of illegitimate children, and the large number of summonses for the maintenance of separated wives. This last item we may expect to increase steadily for the next few years.

Another sad feature in the return, which forms a very excellent basis for anyone who wishes to study in the future the criminal progress of our great nation—and it is with that object that this article is written—is the number of juvenile criminals who have found their way into the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction. Two thousand five hundred and twenty-five mites under twelve years of age were brought up for punishment, while between twelve and sixteen 6,550 were convicted of indictable offences! Of itself this constitutes a nest of young criminals. But the law has vastly improved in its management of the juvenile miscreant, and instead of placing these children where they would only become more proficient in the tricks of their nefarious trade, they are now taught to become efficient citizens. This great reform is almost entirely due to the noble work of the Revs. Waugh and Horsley.

Of these infants, legally and literally, one and a quarter thousand were sent to reformatory schools, and four and a half thousand to industrial institutions, where they will be trained to be useful members of society, without having the stain of crime on them for the rest of their lives.

Police cases, which can hardly be considered as criminal, but rather as the immediate result of sudden temptation or of drink, provided a separate catalogue for themselves, apart from those just considered, though, naturally, a very large number passed into higher hands, and are there included; in all 745,793 were summarily dealt with, and either sent to prison for short terms or let out on their own recognisances.

Taking the general popularity of the crimes, as is to be expected, of major crimes shop-breaking comes first, followed, rather unusually, by malicious wounding, with house-breaking as a good third. Burglary pure and simple only provided 490 convictions, while simple robbery tails in with 320 criminals proved guilty.

So much for that side of the criminal register; we now come to the police aspect of the question. The principal factor which gives our guardians a hold on the lawless classes is the control of those under police supervision. During the year under review, 2,200 convicts are kept under observation, and had to report themselves, half of whom dwelt in the Metropolis. Of the entire number, only twenty per cent. were again compelled to face the "beak." More than this, the constabulary were aware of 5,256 habitual criminals at large, and these all had to be watched most carefully lest they should commit some horrid crime. All this meant a lot of work, and when one comes to think of it, the force of, roughly, 45,000 policemen throughout the kingdom is none too large to cope with the hordes of those who live by breaking the law.

Added to this, there are 320 known receivers and 653 houses frequented by thieves which require the strictest attentions of the police.

This completes the tale of living criminals, but we have still to look at those who have contravened the laws of God and man by taking their own lives. During the year covered by the last report, two thousand eight hundred and sixty-three persons made away with themselves intentionally, while coroners' juries returned 2,396 open verdicts. One word before we consider the remedy; of the whole of the British Isles, Scotland is the most criminal and the most drunken, in proportion to her population three persons are charged with offences for every two so charged in England, while sixty-six per cent. of Scotch charges are those of drunkenness. Tables have been prepared by the compiler of the Scottish record to show the number of cases of drunkenness in comparison to the number of public-houses per 10,000 inhabitants for all the large towns, and though he tries to make out the decrease of the ready "pub." causes a decrease in the number of inebriates, he fails in his purpose. With the New Act, if applicable throughout Scotland, we shall be able to obtain more reliable statistics, though the expert has done wonders with the difficult material with which he has had to deal.

And how is the criminal condition of the country to be improved? That is a question which has puzzled the best brains in the land. To hope to stamp out crime would be to hope for the coming of the chimera, or for the establishment of Utopia; nevertheless, much can be done to prevent crime. The young should be shielded, and the provision of the various Acts which make it punishable to expose a child to familiarity with evil habits will do a lot toward helping the authorities to cope with the deadly evil which pervades our land. The seclusion of known habitual criminals will also assist, and we shall then be able to keep the professors of the arts of the law-breaker from teaching youngsters to follow in his footsteps. The magistrates must have a larger discretion—no less an authority than the late head of the Criminal Investigation Department has said so—and discretionary powers should also be granted to the police. Many a child is made a criminal by being brought into a court. To cure crime is impossible; to prevent it is the aim of modern jurisdiction.

IT having been proved on a trial at the Guildhall, many years ago, that a man's name was really Inch who pretended it was Linch, the judge remarked, "I see the old proverb is verified in this man—if we allow him an inch, he will take an L."

William Godfrey Youngman,

The . . . Walworth . Murderer .

How a human butcher ruthlessly slaughtered his lover, mother, and two brothers in a vain attempt to secure £100.

"Like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own Lie."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Tempest."

PART II.

How Link by Link the Chain was Forged Round the Fiend who Slew Wholesale.

IT will be remembered that in our last number we left the stricken father, John Youngman, about to give evidence against his son. He said:

I am the father of the prisoner. I resided on the second floor of the house, No. 16, Manor Place, Walworth. My wife and two children lived with me. One was named Thomas Neale, and the other Charles, and their ages were seven and eleven. The prisoner came to live with us about a fortnight before this sad affair happened, and he used to sleep in the back room, where I also slept. My son Thomas slept in the same bed with the prisoner. I slept on the shop-board. My wife and our son Charles slept in the front room. I am a tailor by trade, and am generally out at work the whole day. I returned home on July 30 at ten o'clock. I did not see the prisoner at that time. The prisoner went to bed as usual at 11.15. He said he was ready, and I put the light out and went to bed, and he did the same. My son Thomas was in bed with the prisoner at this time. I awoke about four o'clock on the following morning, and saw the prisoner at the foot of his bed, apparently in the act of getting in. I think the door of the room was open at this time. I got up at five o'clock, and went out about twenty minutes past, and at this time the prisoner and his brother were in bed. I did not go into the front room before I went out. I was fetched home from my work between six and seven, and I then saw the body of the deceased. I knew previously that she was staying in the house, and that she slept in the front room with my wife on the night of July 30. I understood that she was to be married to the prisoner, but he never said anything to me upon the subject. The constable, Lock, showed me a knife which I had previously seen in the possession of the prisoner. The point was not broken, as it is now, when he had it. He was showing it to a man in my presence, and he was told it was not a fit knife to carry, and the prisoner said anybody had a right to carry such a knife, if he thought proper, for his own protection. This was about nine days before the death of the young woman. I never saw the prisoner use the knife in any manner. When I came back to the house I asked for the prisoner, and he was brought down in the custody of the police, and he addressed me and said, "This is all mother's doings, father." He did not say anything else. I don't think he ever said anything to me about insuring the life of the young woman, but I had heard such a thing talked about.

But there was yet to come, by way of evidence, that which would irrevocably establish proof of guilt. Notwithstanding the off-repeated asseveration of Youngman with regard to his mother's culpability and alleged frantic outburst and the circumstantial account of the affair, in an unguarded moment he destroyed the sequence of his tale. When the police arrived on the scene, he detailed the circumstances in the following manner: She came, he said, to the bedside where he and his brother was sleeping, killed his brother, and made a stab at him, and, in his own defence, he wrenched the knife out of her hand and killed her, "if she was dead." The officer, who had been actively surveying the scene at the same time that he was engaged in aural reception of the man's statement, somewhat disconcerted Youngman, when he pertinently and suggestively asked if the young woman was lying there (indicating the landing) at the time he killed his mother. This was obviously a staggerer, for it established the inconsistency which perhaps, more than anything, operated on the mind of the jury.

In addition to these facts, the professional investigation of Mr. James Dann, the police inspector for the division, brought home overwhelming facts, which showed the objet motif underlying the whole of the murderer's actions—sordid in themselves, and rendered all the more conspicuous by the clumsy way in which the details were handled, and further proving, as we have already hinted in our introduction, how limited a knowledge the man had of the methods of the insurance companies in their settlement of the claims. Inspector Dann, true to his professional instincts, went down to Wadhurst, where the father of deceased resided, and obtained some letters, which he produced. Upon his return to town, he opened a box belonging to the prisoner, and found in it the policy of assurance upon the life of the deceased.

The letters, fifteen in number, were such as are usually written by young persons in their condition of life, who are about to be married; but the last three have the remarkable exception that they earnestly press the subject of the insurance. The first, dated July 19, contained this passage: "Dearest girl, I have filled up the paper now, and took it to the Life Assurance office, and they will write to Mrs. James Bone to-day, to get answer on Saturday. So you can go with me to the office before two o'clock on Monday." The second, dated July 21, has this passage:

"You promised me faithfully over and over again, and I expect you will keep your promise that you will be mine, and that your friends would not know it until we were married; but now, dearest Mary, if you will let Mrs. James Bone write to the assurance office at once, and go with me to have your life assured on Monday morning next."

The insurance was effected on the 25th, and three days afterwards the prisoner wrote the following letter, which had the effect of bringing the victim into the shambles:

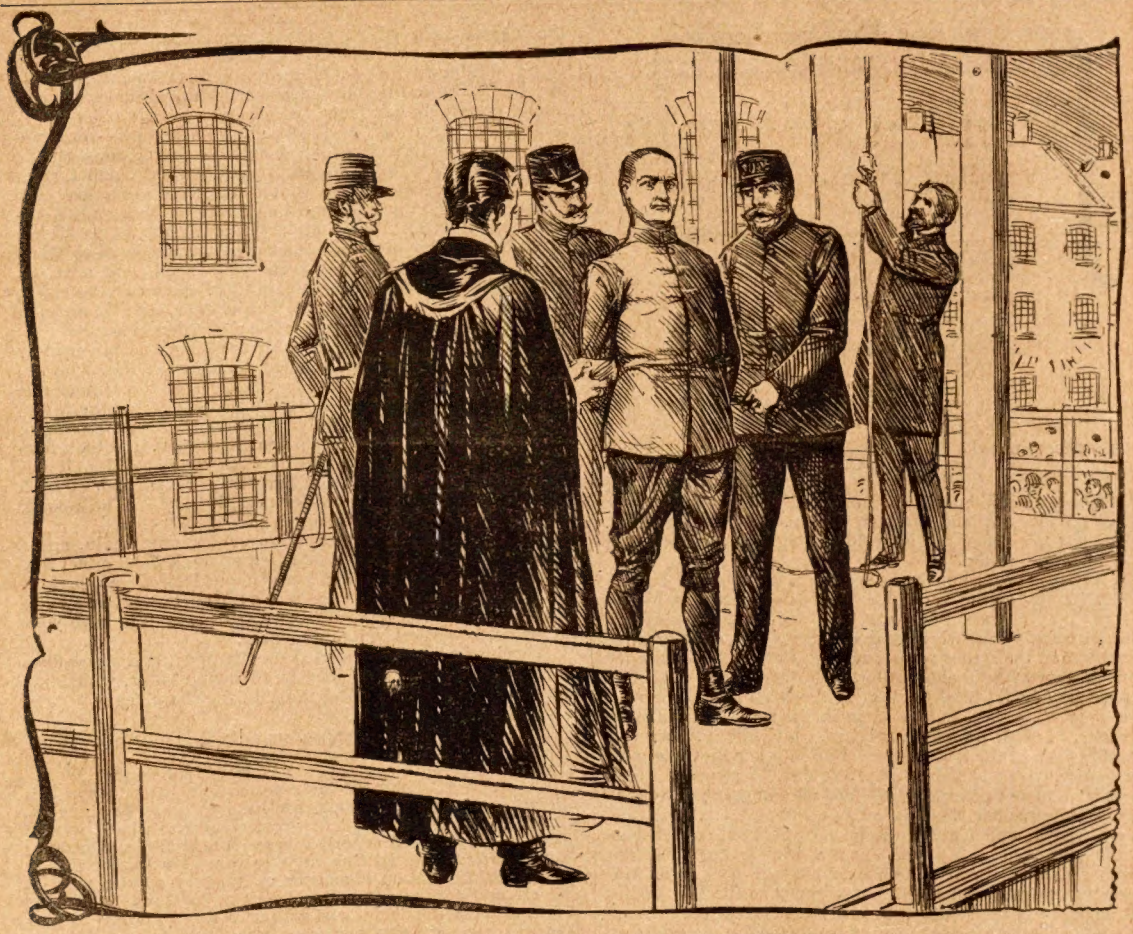
16, Manor Place, Newington, S.,
Saturday Night, July 28.

MY BELOVED POLLY,—I have posted one letter to you this afternoon, but I find I shall not have to go to Brighton to-morrow, but I have had a letter from there with what I wanted inside of it, so, my dear girl, I have quite settled my business now; therefore I send this letter to you. I will take this to London Bridge Station to-morrow morning by quarter past six o'clock, and get the guard to take it to Wadhurst Station, to give it to the porter there, who will get a man to take it to your place. I can only give the guard something, so you can give the man who brings this a small sum. I shall expect to see you, my dearest girl, on Monday morning by the first train. I will await your coming at London Bridge station. I know the time the train arrives, a quarter to ten o'clock. I have promised to go to my uncle's to-morrow, so I cannot come down; but I will go back home with you on Monday night, or first thing Tuesday, so return here again on Tuesday night, to be ready to go anywhere on Wednesday; but you know all I have told you, and I now expect you will come up on Monday morning, when I shall be able to manage things as I wish to do. Excuse more now, my dearest Mary. I shall now go to bed to get up early in the morning to take this letter. Bring or burn all your letters, my dear girl—do not forget; and, with kind love to you, and respects to all, I now sum up, awaiting to see you Monday morning, quarter to ten o'clock,—Believe me, ever your loving, affectionate, WILLIAM GODFREY YOUNGMAN.

You know all I have told you, therefore come; dearest girl, come. I am anxious now to see you. Adieu for the present.

Link by link the chain was lengthened, and as the gruesome story grew, incontrovertible revelations were made. In his greed for gain, with that ulterior motive, which was now apparent to everyone, the miscreant forced the unhappy girl to a compliance with his mercenary wishes, for on July 25 he, with his victim, paid a visit to the offices of the insurance company, and a policy for £100 was issued to Youngman, upon which a quarter's premium, amounting to only 10s. 2d., which with his quintessence of meanness the heartless rascal suffered his sweetheart to pay, was deposited. With all the odds against him, as item after item was submitted, so brutal a subject as Youngman found the strongest forensic skill in his counsel, who with unwonted energy displayed remarkable rhetorical powers on his behalf; but there was no power that could save him. "Mene tekel" was writ large before the doomed man, whose ferocity was to be expiated by a more gentle process of extinction.

The tale was told. The sands were rapidly running down. There was a listlessness permeating the jury-box. "Hold, enough!" seemed to be the unuttered sentiment, and the usual formalities having been enacted, the only verdict that the circumstances could admit was brought in without equivo-



YOUNGMAN ON THE SCAFFOLD OUTSIDE HORSEMONGER GAOL.

cation, and William Godfrey Youngman was sentenced to the gallows.

The last hours of this unrelenting criminal were characterised by the same passions that had impelled him to his terrible deeds—an intensity of selfishness which blinded him to everything which did not accord with his own will. At first, after his condemnation, his strength gave way; but he speedily reassumed his confidence that the tale he had concocted must prevail, and that they could not hang him. For this purpose he addressed memorials to the Secretary of State, which merely repeated his assertion, in nearly the same words, that it was all his mother's doing, and that he had murdered her in self-defence; nor could the warnings of the gaol authorities, or the exhortations of the chaplain, drive from his mind the one idea that this assertion must eventually be believed.

The scene in which he parted from his family was a painful exhibition of ungovernable passion. Between he and his father there arose a dreadful altercation, in which the wretched man, lashed into a violent paroxysm of fury, denounced his surviving parent as having been a bad father, and a bad husband to his mother—charges for which there appeared to have been no foundation. The governor and chaplain were compelled to interfere, and advise the father to withdraw. The entreaties of his sisters for a time subdued him, and he fell into a conversation, in which he again asserted his story. But again he lashed himself into rage against one of the witnesses, Spice, particularly for his declaration that he would rather the young woman had hanged herself than marry such a man, he declared in his frenzy:

"One thing only I wish, and that is, that I could get hold of this Spice, for I would strike his head off."

His animosity against this witness repeatedly broke out, and indeed seemed to be a favourite resort when he wished to turn away his thoughts from his inward terror. These paroxysms of passion were succeeded, sometimes, by tears; but though the increasing certainty of his fate somewhat repressed his excitement, and he sometimes joined with apparent fervour in the prayers of the chaplain, he let no word escape expressive of guilt or contrition.

On the morning of his execution he repeated, in effect, his previous statement, rejecting the exhortations of the chaplain not to die with a lie in his mouth; nor, though he joined mechanically in the devotions, did he show any evidence of feeling. He was executed on September 14, in front of Horsemonger Lane Gaol. Not a single application for reconsideration of his case had been made. He seems to have inspired a general horror in the public mind, and upwards of 30,000 persons came to witness his retribution.

A PATRIOTIC lawyer, in one of the French wars, entered the lists as a volunteer; and on the first field day, taking the word of command, "Charge!" in a professional sense, he whipped out his pocket-book, and wrote down "6s 8d."

TWO country attorneys, overtaking a waggoner on the road, and bent on airing their wit, asked why his fore-horse was so fat and the rest so lean. The waggoner, knowing them, replied, "Oh, sirs, the fore-horse is a lawyer, the others are his clients!"

IN the prison at Antwerp there are two rooms for citizens, and above there is a cage about six feet and a-half square, into which criminals are put before the torture. A criminal, while he suffers the torture, is clothed in a long shirt, has his eyes bound, and a physician and surgeon attend him. When a confession is forced from him, and he has had some wine, he is required to sign his confession; and about forty-eight hours afterwards, he is executed.

In a small dungeon, is a stone seat, such as is often seen in old prison towers, on which it is said that formerly prisoners were suffocated by brimstone, when their families wished to avoid the disgrace of a public execution.

THE ILKESTON PARRICIDE.

"He is now paid in his own way; the paricidous animal, and punishment of murtherers is upon him."—BROWN, "Vulgar Errours."

AT the Derby Assizes on July 29, 1861, a case of unusually revolting character was brought before the court, in which George Smith, aged twenty, was indicted for the wilful murder of his father, Joseph Smith.

The deceased was a cordwainer, living in Bath Street, Ilkeston, in one of four houses which his industry and frugality had enabled him to purchase; besides this property, he had in a savings-bank at Nottingham a sum of £140 or £150. The accused and his two younger brothers, Henry and Edward, aged nearly seventeen and thirteen respectively, lived with the deceased, with whom Henry used to sleep in a room above the "house-place," the prisoner and Edward occupying another room. In the adjoining house upon the one side, Aaron Aldred, who had married the deceased man's daughter, resided, and in that on the other side, his brother, Isaac Aldred. The prisoner worked at a lace-making establishment. He appears to have been of irregular habits, and had on the day of the murder left the house after a quarrel. The second assisted his father in his trade, and on the night of May 1 continued working with him until seven o'clock.

The deceased then went to see his brother, Samuel Smith, who lived in the same place, and remained with him until nine or ten o'clock. Henry and Edward left the house meanwhile, and, on returning home a few minutes aften ten, found him lying on a sofa in the house-place, sleeping. They roused him, and he told the lads to go to bed, saying that he would come after he had had a "bit of 'bacco," which he sat down to smoke.

He shortly afterwards went to bed. Henry fell asleep, and was awakened by his father, who told him to get a light. This he did. His father went downstairs with it, and shortly after called to Henry to come down, and he obeyed, and saw the deceased looking into the drawer where the prisoner kept his clothes, and with a bit of paper in his hand. He remarked that he thought George was gone for a soldier, and might have left a bit of a note, and then told Henry to go to bed, saying that he would "smoke a bit of 'bacco," and Henry went upstairs, leaving him with his pipe. He had scarcely done so, when the house door was opened and closed again, and he heard the following dialogue in the voices of his father, who commenced it, and the prisoner:

"George, have you been to Nottingham to-day?"

"No, father."

"You're sure you've not been to Nottingham to-day?"

"No."

"You see what trouble you've brought yourself to. I'm not going to leave my doors open for you at all hours of the night!"

There was then a pause, and then the sound of a pistol-shot. Henry and Edward ran to the upstairs window, and put their legs out of it in their terror and anxiety to escape, crying out, "Murder! do come; George is murdering father!"

Very shortly afterwards their sister and Isaac Aldred arrived. They found the door shut, but entered the house-place. The prisoner was not then in there, but the deceased was lying flat upon his back along his own hearthstone, his head towards a corner of the room, and the pipe which he had been recently smoking, the tobacco of which was only partly consumed, broken beneath his right arm. He was quite dead; there was blood upon the floor, and a wound on the head high above the left ear, and in a downward direction—a wound which it would have been impossible for a right-handed, and very difficult for a left-handed, man (which the deceased was not) to have inflicted upon himself.

Aldred looked about the room for the pistol that had caused the wound, but could find none. Very soon afterwards the prisoner entered. Aldred at once said, "Why, George, you've murdered your father!" The prisoner answered, "I am innocent; I don't know anything about it. My father has done it himself." Aldred asked, "What have you done with the pistol?" The prisoner replied, "My father laid it on the hob, and I took it away, and hurled it away."

A police-constable, with Edward Smith and Aaron Aldred, had then come in, and Edward Smith exclaimed, "Oh, George, you've murdered my father!" The prisoner returned, "Oh, don't say so! I am innocent!" at the same time approaching his brother to kiss him. Edward, however, avoided him, saying, "No, George, I can't; you've killed my father."

The prisoner then threw himself on his father's body to kiss him, but the policeman interposed. He then called for some one to give him his father's cutting-knife, crying, "I'll stab him to the heart! I'm innocent! I'll have my revenge!"

He was conveyed to the lock-up, where he made the following statement:

"When I went in, my father was sitting in his chair smoking. He had his elbow on his knee, and his head on his hand. He said, 'George, you're shortening my life by inches.' He put out his left hand and took something off the hob and put it to his head (the prisoner at the same time described the movement with his own left hand). I said, 'Oh, father, what are you doing?' He threw it down, and I picked it up and hurled it into Stokes's garden."

The prisoner's shirt sleeves were stained with blood. He was without his coat, but there was this difference between the marks on the one arm and those on the other—that those on the one arm were patches, those on the other small spots. Neither powder, shot, nor caps were found in the deceased's house, nor was any kind of fire-arm ever seen in his house or possession. The proceedings of the prisoner on the day of the murder were clearly traced. Upon arriving at Nottingham, with a companion named Davis, the prisoner went to the savings bank in which his father's money was deposited, and producing the bank-book, which he had brought with him, asked for £14. Payment was refused him, as he had not obtained his father's signature.

Leaving the bank, he went to Bridge's Wine Vaults, where his father was known, and, having stated that he was too late for the bank, he obtained a loan of one sovereign, leaving the bank-book as a security for the amount. It was shown that he left his companion for a time, and in that interval purchased at a shop a pistol, for which he paid 4s. 6d., wanting it, as he said, to start pigeons. He purchased a pennyworth of powder at the same time, of which he said he only wanted one charge, and some copper caps, one or two of which he fitted to the pistol and snapped off. He neither showed nor mentioned this purchase to Davis, but exhibited it to a girl. He and Davis were then traced back to Ilkeston, to a public-house called the "Queen's Head." About 8.30 he sent a little girl out to "Gregory's" to buy him a pennyworth of No. 2 pigeon-shot. He remained until the closing of the house at ten minutes to twelve, when he left.

Soon after he was seen in the street, walking towards his father's house, by two women, who afterwards saw the glimmer caused by the deceased's door opening. The prisoner went in, the door closed, and shortly afterwards they heard the report of a pistol and screams. A little after twelve, Reuben Davis was called by the prisoner, who begged him to come to him, saying that his father had shot himself, adding, "You'll remember what I told you to-night." He had that very evening remarked to Davis, "I don't think father will live long; he's so uneasy, that I'm afraid he will make away with himself."

The pistol, which was found in Stokes's garden, was that which he had bought the same day at Nottingham.

That the death of Joseph Smith resulted from the wound was formally proved Thirty-one shots were extracted from the cerebellum, and these, being weighed with thirty-one shots procured at Gregory's, were found to correspond in weight. It was shown that the prisoner had frequently foretold his father's speedy death, and had inquired as to what would be his interest in the property should the old man die intestate.

A verdict of guilty having been brought in, the judge had commenced to pass sentence, when the wretched man fiercely interrupted his lordship, and addressed to him a

long, rambling statement, in support of his previous story. He described, with very great coolness and effrontery, the position in which they sat together. Turning to those who crowded the public seats behind him, he told them that if they saw him die on the scaffold they would see him happy and contented, shouting out that he spoke like an English son, and had not the blood of his father on his hands, though he had certainly been in part the cause of his death, and was willing to be punished by imprisonment, if his lordship thought fit to recall the sentence.

The judge, in his reply, terminated his response to this frenzied harangue, described it as "the bravado of one whose conscience was seared with evil thoughts, which had ended in his father's murder."

On being taken from the dock, after the awful sentence had been passed on him, Smith was met in the passage leading to the outer court by his two brothers, his sister, his aunt, and one of the young women with whom he had formed a liaison. The excited state in which the murderer was, however, prevented them from having any rational conversation with him, and he simply remarked that they should meet again in heaven. He was then taken to the cell appointed for him.

He was visited by the chaplain to the county gaol, who remained with him until the time arrived for his being conveyed back to prison. In consequence of the great crowd of people congregated at the prisoners' entrance to the hall, it became a question as to how the convict could be got away, and a considerable degree of diplomacy had to be exercised in the matter.

On Wednesday, the 31st July, he made a verbal confession to the governor that he was his father's murderer, and the day following made a written confession. Although his mind had been considerably relieved by this confession, still he did not show that contrition and penitence which it was hoped would have been manifested in one whose life was about to be sacrificed on the scaffold for the awful crime of parricide. This probably may be accounted for by the fact that the condemned man had at times cherished the hope that his life would be spared.

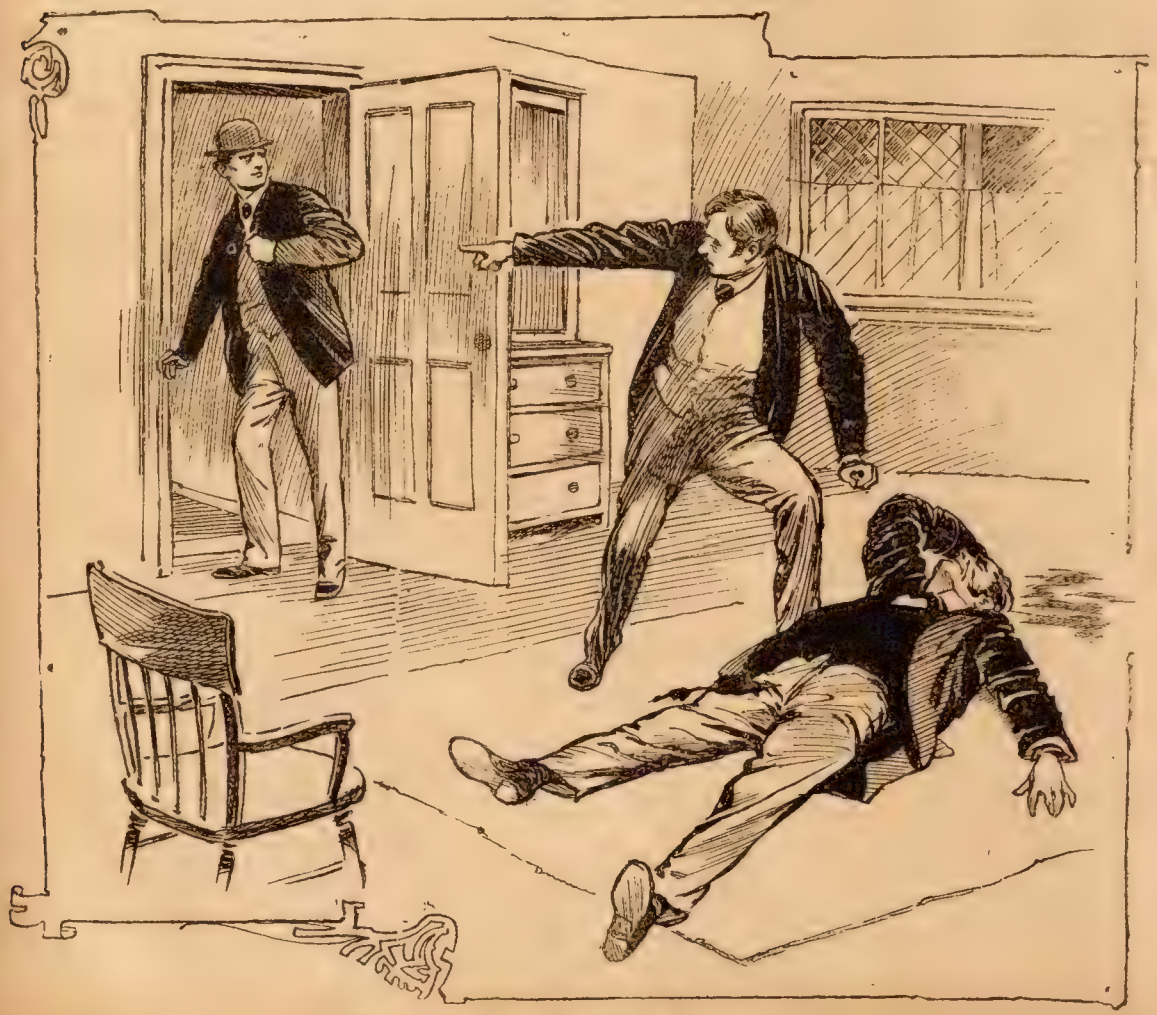
He had been heard several times to exclaim, "Drink, drink, drink caused me to do it!"

He was visited by the unfortunate female who was to have been, as she had hoped, married to him. He betrayed far more emotion at the interview with her than he manifested in the presence of his relatives, and it was believed that he had a sincere affection for her. During his imprisonment the unfortunate creature had been delivered of a child, of which the condemned man was the putative father.

During the delivery of a long address, warning the public, who had assembled in a huge throng, against drink, many in the vast multitude who surrounded the scaffold evinced great emotion, shrieking and beseeching God to have mercy on the convict's soul, and sturdy men were completely overcome by the touching scene, and gave evidences of a feeling that could not be resisted.

The wretched man then resigned himself into the hands of Calcraft, who took him to the rear of the drop whilst he took a last farewell of those around. He was then led on to the drop, and the noose having been adjusted, and the cap drawn over his face, the chaplain read the concluding service, the bolt was drawn, and Smith was launched into eternity amidst the shudders of the thousands assembled.

It seemed as if death was instantaneous, but shortly afterwards he appeared to shudder, and it was ten minutes before life was extinct.



"WHY, GEORGE, YOU'VE MURDERED YOUR FATHER

Catherine Wilson.

"There I saw how the secret felon wrought,
And treason labouring in the traitor's thought."
—DRYDEN, "Palamon and Arcite."

THE SECRET POISONER.

PART I.

HERE is probably no form of guilt that strikes the mind of society with a deeper disgust and horror than that of secret poisoning; and it must be admitted that in the whole catalogue of crimes there is not one that, from the odious circumstances that invariably accompany it, more fully merits the detestation in which it is universally held. It is a crime into which the rougher, and—if such an expression may be used—the more natural passions of man never enter; it is committed in no heat of blood—is the result of no sudden or ungovernable impulse.

In its nature it is essentially deliberate, cold, and calm. Selecting its victim with composure, it approaches him with serpent-like dissimulation, and, in the name of friendship, or under a "ministering angel's" guise, smilingly pursues its unrelenting purpose, and with deadly craft performs the work of a destroying demon.

No wonder that mankind should shrink with abhorrence from such a crime. Hateful, however, as it is, there is but too much reason to apprehend that it is rife amongst us at the present day, and that all the watchfulness, not only of the legislature and the executive, but of society itself, is needed to prevent it from becoming as common within the shores of the British Islands as it ever was in Italy and France in the worst period of the history of those countries.

Many notable instances of the crime have been brought to light within the past half-century, and it seems even at the present hour that it has taken the form of an epidemic, judging from the revolting cases which from time to time make their appearance in our Courts of Law.

Catherine Wilson was no common criminal, and as the facts which led to her trial and conviction for a murder effected by poison as far back as the year 1856 do but partially disclose her career of crime, it will be necessary to take up her history at the point at which she first became an object of suspicion, and to pursue it, step by step, but as rapidly as possible, to the close.

On the 7th April, 1861, Catherine, alias Constance Wilson, a well-dressed woman, aged 40, who refused to give her address, and described herself as of no occupation, was charged before the magistrate at the Marylebone police-court with administering oil of vitriol to Sarah Cornell, residing at 108, Crawford Street, Marylebone, with intent to murder. Strong evidence being adduced to support this charge, the magistrate, after frequently remanding the prisoner, at length committed her to Newgate, and on the 19th of June, in the same year, she was brought up for trial at the Central Criminal Court upon the charge of feloniously administering to Sarah Cornell a certain poison so as thereby to endanger her life.

The following is a summary of the facts as they were disclosed at the trial:—

The prosecutrix was a married woman, having some property in her own right, and in the previous February was living apart from her husband. She became acquainted with the prisoner, through a friend of her husband, named Taylor, with whom the prisoner was living, and the prisoner came to see her to endeavour to effect a reconciliation between her and her husband. With this ostensible object she visited her on the afternoon of the 13th February, and, after they had partaken of tea, the prosecutrix was taken unwell, and asked the prisoner to go to a chemist and procure for her a rhubarb draught. The prisoner went, and upon her return informed the prosecutrix that the chemist would not supply her with the medicine required, but had sent her a black draught, which the prisoner urged the prosecutrix to take, alleging that it would do her good.

The prosecutrix was at that time in her bedroom, and the prisoner took a wineglass from the mantel-piece, into which she poured a small quantity of the medicine which she had brought. When the glass was placed in the prosecutrix's hand she felt that it was warm, and when the prisoner poured more of the liquid into the glass, she felt the warmth increase, and told the prisoner she must have been boiling the medicine, and that she could not drink it. The prisoner replied, "Drink it up, dear; it will do you good."

The prosecutrix took a mouthful, but it so burnt her mouth that she immediately spat it out, and vomited on to the bedclothes, and also her night garments. The son of the prosecutrix, a lad of about fourteen years of age, at that moment entered the room, and his mother directed him to take the bottle with the wineglass back to the chemist's, and tell him that he had sent her the wrong stuff. The son obeyed these directions, and on his return told his mother that the chemist said the stuff in the bottle was quite right and correct, the youth adding that the chemist had not looked at the wineglass. The prisoner then asked the prosecutrix if she could remain in the house that night, making some excuse for this request, to which the prosecutrix acceded, and the prisoner accordingly remained there until the following morning, when she went away. By this time the prosecutrix discovered that her mouth was much blistered, and that the bedclothes and her linen, upon which the discharge from her mouth and stomach had lodged, were burnt through, and rotting.

It was shown that the prisoner had quitted her lodgings after this affair, and that she was not found until the 5th of April, when she was met accidentally by an officer who had been long looking out for her.

The circumstances which we have related thus far certainly were vague and uncertain, and this point was eagerly worked up by the counsel for the defence; and, although the judge made some suggestive and leading remarks in his charge to the jury, the accused woman was snatched from the meshes of the law, and was set at liberty, in the absence of a sufficiently clear case against her.

Thus far, then, Catherine Wilson was fortunate enough to obtain a safe deliverance from the accusation made against her. But during her incarceration certain facts in connection with her previous history had been brought to the knowledge of the Government, which induced the authorities to direct proceedings to be adopted against her; and scarcely had she obtained her acquittal from the charge of attempting the life of Mrs. Cornell, than she was again arrested and brought before the Lambeth police-court upon a charge of having caused the death of Mrs. Ann Atkinson, the wife of Mr. Joseph Atkinson, a respectable tradesman residing and carrying on business at Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland, by the administration of poison; and before the investigation of this charge at the court had been closed—it had extended over several weeks—the prisoner was further charged with having, by the same means, caused the death of Mrs. Soames, of Alfred Street, Bedford Square, on the 18th of October, 1856. Upon both of these charges the prisoner was committed to Newgate, and on the 25th of September she was formally arraigned and tried at the Central Criminal Court for the murder of Mrs. Soames.

But before the particulars of that trial, which terminated in the prisoner's conviction and condemnation, are described, it is necessary, in order to give a complete exposition of the woman's guilt, that the facts proved before the magistrate in the case of Mrs. Atkinson should be adverted to.

They were, briefly, these:—

Atkinson, the husband, was a tailor at Kirkby Lonsdale, in Westmorland. Mrs. Atkinson, his wife, who, at the time of her death in October, 1860, was 55 years of age, was a milliner and dressmaker, carrying on business on her own account at the residence of her husband. It was her custom to visit London once a year for the purpose of her trade, and she was always in the habit of taking with her a considerable sum of money, something like £100 or £150. She had been acquainted with the prisoner for about seven years, and when she went to town was in the habit of stopping at the prisoner's house, 10, Loughborough Street, Kensington. On the morn-

ing of the 18th of October, she left Kirkby for London, in her usual good health, and with her customary purse of money. She went at once to the prisoner's house, and on the fourth day following the husband received a telegram at Kirkby informing him that she was in an alarming state of illness.

He immediately hurried to town, and found his wife still living, but in a very precarious condition. A medical man had been called in, but the sufferer was chiefly attended by the prisoner, who supplied her with barley-water and beef-tea, of the quality of which the patient greatly complained. In a few days she died, and upon a search being made for the money which she was known to have had about her, it was nowhere to be found. The prisoner, on being questioned upon this subject, expressed her surprise to Atkinson that his wife, prior to her death, had not informed him that she had been taken very ill at Rugby on her way to town, and had there been robbed of her pocket containing the bulk of her money.

Atkinson, however, knew that his wife's invariable practice was to carry the greater portion of the money she annually took to London carefully sewn up in the corner of her stays, and in the present instance he remembered that before she started she showed him where she had secreted it, and remarked, "If they rob me this time, Joseph, you will lose me and all."

Fateful prophecy!

The latter remark referred to a matter which occurred in 1859, when the deceased, after a day's shopping in London, accompanied by the prisoner, missed a purse containing £51, which she never recovered. The prisoner at the time of Mrs. Atkinson's arrival on the 18th of October was known to be short of money, and unable to meet her bills, but immediately after Mrs. Atkinson's death she paid off her tradesmen, and laid in a large stock of necessaries.

The medical man who had attended the deceased during her brief illness, feeling himself unable to account for the suddenness and the peculiar circumstances of her death, proposed a post-mortem examination, but when the husband, who at that time suspected nothing wrong, spoke to the prisoner upon the subject, she said, "All doctors are alike in London; they would open all. I would not have her cut up, poor thing!" So the proposal was not adopted.

Such were the leading points connected with the circumstances under which Mrs. Atkinson died; but they were accompanied by a number of ingenious and highly curious artifices on the part of the prisoner to divert everything like suspicion from herself, which may be received with interest as characteristic illustrations of the practical prisoner's cool and calculating art, but which cannot be adequately described in this abbreviated account of Catherine Wilson's widespread crimes.

TOOK A WINEGLASS FROM THE MANTELPIECE.

The trial for the murder of Mrs. Soames commenced at the Central Criminal Court on the 25th of September, and occupied three whole days, but though the trial was thus prolonged, the facts of the case lay within a very narrow compass, and were incontrovertibly proved by three or four witnesses.

In order to get at an understanding of the case as it affected Mrs. Soames, and concerning which we have not yet been able to detail the particulars, we must trace the story, as it was given in evidence. And in our next, sensational developments will be given.

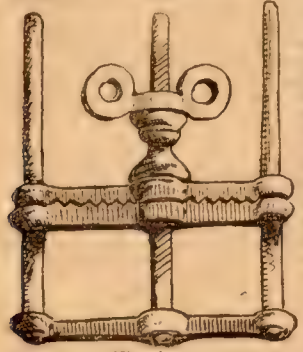
TO BE CONCLUDED.

"Man is an apprentice; pain is his master; and none knows himself so long as he has not suffered."—A. DE MUSSET.

CHAPTER IV.

IN 1683, William Carstairs, a Scottish minister, was put to torture in an effort to obtain from him a confession as to the doings of a certain body of men. For one hour and a half, in the Palace of Holyrood, the preacher's thumbs were crushed in the mutilating grip of the thumbscrews. Carstairs suffered indescribable agony, but not a word escaped his lips, and in the end he was allowed to go his way.

Some time later the Privy Council presented him with—a purse of gold you would imagine, but you would be wrong. They gave to him, as a remembrance of the occasion, the screws which had turned his thumbs into shapeless pieces of mangled flesh and bone. What generous souls those Privy Councillors must have been! What a wonderful spirit of magnanimity which prompted them to give such a present! And poor Carstairs, how he must (despite the fact that he was a minister) have cursed the little implement which had maimed him!



Thumbscrew.

Next to the rack, the thumbscrew is probably the most infamous and widely-known instrument of torture. Almost everyone has heard of it, but it is doubtful whether anyone in a civilised country has experienced the horrible agony which follows its use. To faintly realise the excruciating pain inflicted on unfortunate malefactors and others in Europe—Great Britain not excepted—in the old days, just give your thumb nail a light tap with a hammer, or your finger a tiny squeeze in a door-jamb. Doubtless you have felt the effects of one or the other, and probably whilst the pain lasted you were in intense agony and on the verge of fainting. These are as nothing compared with the thumbscrew; mere twinges of pain, in fact.

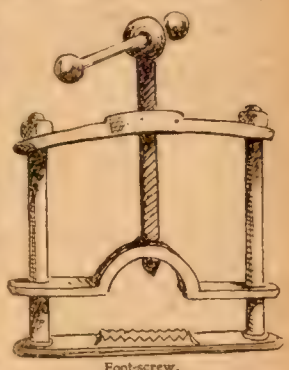
First the thumbscrew nipped the flesh, then, after a turn or so, the blood commenced to flow, and the flesh of the victim began to ooze out between the teeth of the iniquitous machine. Then a horrible, blood-curdling scrunch would announce the fact that the screw was biting its way through the bone. Twist, twist, twist, and, with the writhing, hapless prisoner shrieking for mercy, the teeth of the thumbscrew would meet. The torture was never a matter of minutes, but of hours. After each turn of the screw the official interlocutor stepped forward and put questions to the victim. If no satisfaction was obtained, he gave a sign, and the executioners went on with their fiendish task.

Thumbless men were common in the old days, for where the instruments had been used even moderately, injuries of such a frightful nature were inflicted that amputation was an absolute necessity.

The thumbscrew which we illustrate is a double one, for maiming both thumbs at once, the crushing bars being sharply toothed and the whole instrument of remarkable strength. With a particularly obstinate prisoner the screw was turned until the teeth met, and then, if the confession or evidence was not forthcoming, other machines of a similar nature were used. Thus the executioners, determined to extort the statement they required, would set aside the implement we have described and resort to the handscrew, a somewhat similar contrivance, but one which confined either five or the whole ten fingers at once, and bit into them with irresistible force.

If this had not the desired effect, or if the subject was more than ordinarily stubborn, a more fearful torture still could be applied. This had no special name, but was known generally as the hand or arm breaker. The limb was confined in a sleeve, so to speak, of wood and iron. Extremely powerful screws set at intervals were then brought into play, and under the pressure thus produced bones, flesh, and muscle became a hideous pulp.

Only a little less severe was the wrist-screw, a machine of iron which, in addition to smashing up the bone, possessed a fiendishly ingenious appliance with rough and sometimes knife-like edges, which, working outwards, lacerated the flesh of the forearm.



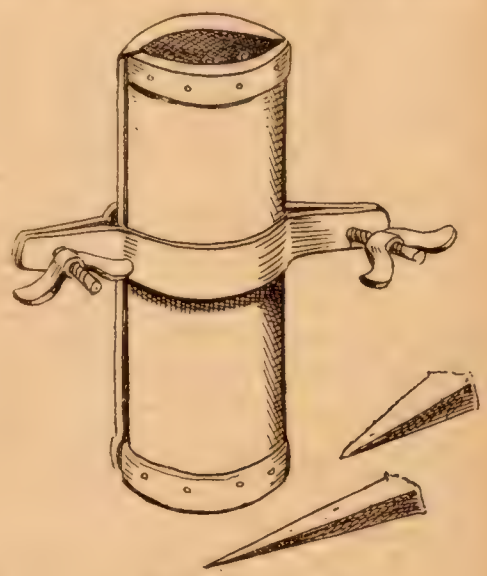
Foot-screw.

There were also thumb-holders, the ancient equivalent for the present-day handcuffs. Prisoners being conveyed from gaol to courthouse were fastened to a rope or chain by rings which held their thumbs in a grip of iron.

With torturers, the thumbscrew was an exceptionally popular weapon, for it was in use at one time in every "civilised" country. It is not out of use, however, for only a few weeks ago a well-known writer alleged that the appliance was even now resorted to in the Southern States of America. In China, where torture is of every-day occurrence, they have their own particular thumbscrews, whilst even in Thibet, as a famous explorer can testify, the dreadful little machine has found favour. The explorer, who tried to enter the forbidden city of Lhassa, was captured, and treated in the most horrible fashion before he was allowed to retrace his steps. In Scotland the screw was known as the "thumb-biters," or "Pillie Winkies," and the last time they were used was upon an English officer who crossed the border and entered Edinburgh on a treasonable mission. They were largely used during the persecution of the Covenanters, and it is related that most of these sturdy folk bore the infliction of the dreadful pain with the utmost fortitude.

Exactly similar in its effect but more far-reaching in its consequences was the foot-press which we depict on this page. It is an iron instrument of immense strength. The screw is something similar to the present-day copying-press, whilst the plate on which the feet rested is a piece of ribbed iron, the edges of which are extremely sharp. The cruelty of the device is apparent, but even this machine was less severe than the "toe-breaker," an apparatus of nearly the same shape but with a sharp, internal, spur-shaped screw. When the handles closing the bars of the press were turned the screw revolved rapidly and drilled holes in that part of the foot which was not actually within the clutch of the machine. The Venetians even improved on this, their "foot-screw" being furnished with many rows of long, sharp spikes. The fearful results which followed its use can be readily imagined.

Who can adequately describe the excruciating tortures of these applances? A man asked to bear witness against a neighbour or friend, to give evidence on a matter of which he was entirely ignorant, a man charged with any crime, with being concerned in an intrigue against Church or State, was forced to



The Spanish Gaiter, or Boot.

speak under the influence of these instruments. Human nature could not withstand the soul-searching agony (rare cases are recorded where torture failed to gain the end desired), and it is no wonder that innocent persons readily confessed to crimes of which they knew nothing, and that others were condemned on the testimony of people who, in their anxiety to escape further pain, made any statement demanded of them.

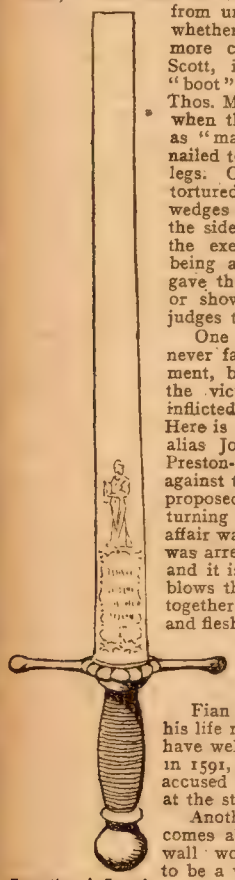
Executioner's Bell.

Look at the "Spanish Gaiter," which is the subject of another of our illustrations. Can you wonder that under the baneful effects of this truly awful instrument the most outrageous deeds were perpetrated under the cloak of the law?

Spain has a reputation for its fiendish practices, and the "Gaiter" alone is sufficient to justify anything that may be said of the barbarous doings of the dons in the days when these contrivances were in use.

The legging is made of two semi-circular pieces of wood, very heavy and immensely strong. At each end is an iron band, whilst in the centre is a clamp with two exceedingly powerful screws. The interior of the implement is equally well "furnished." A number of iron knobs almost conceal the wood, some of these protuberances being shaped and fixed so as to ensure that no part of the leg could escape pressure. This instrument would smash every part of the limb and inflict the most agonising torture. Another of these instruments was supplied with a formidable, uneven shin-bone presser, which acted with hideous effect. The Spaniards also had a "boot," which was built on similar lines, and applied to the feet of prisoners.

Scotland, by the way, also had its boot, or "bootikin." As usual, it was used to force confessions or to extract answers from unwilling witnesses, and it is doubtful whether the Caledonian machine was not more cruel than the Spanish. Sir Walter Scott, in "Old Mortality," speaks of the "boot" as being made of iron, but the Rev. Thos. Mona, in an account of Scotland (1702), when the apparatus was in use, describes it as "made of four pieces of narrow boards nailed together, of a competent length for the legs. One or both legs of the person to be tortured having been placed in this case, wedges were inserted between the limb and the sides of the 'boot' and driven down by the executioner with a hammer, questions being asked at intervals, until the sufferer gave the desired information, or he fainted, or showed such endurance as satisfied the judges that no answer could be extracted."



Executioner's Sword.

One would imagine that the instrument never failed to produce the wished-for statement, but there are cases on record where the victim stoically withstood the agony inflicted and steadfastly refused to confess. Here is a famous instance. Doctor John Fian, alias John Cunyngham, a schoolmaster of Preston-Pans, was accused of conspiring against the life of King James VI. The plotters proposed to drown his Majesty, who was returning to Scotland from Denmark, but the affair was scented by the authorities, and Fian was arrested. The boot enclosed his two legs, and it is stated that he "did abide so many blows that his legs were crushed and beaten together as small as might be, and the bones and flesh so bruised that the blood and marrow spouted forth in great abundance, whereby they were made unserviceable for ever. Still," it is added, "he would not confess."

Fian lived for many years afterwards, but his life must have been a misery, and he must have welcomed the death which came to him in 1591, horrible though it was. He was accused of sorcery and witchcraft, and burned at the stake.

Another instance of tremendous fortitude comes also from Scotland. In 1596 a Kirkwall woman named Balfour was believed to be a witch. Her husband and son underwent the horrors of the boot, whilst the woman and her daughter were condemned to the "Pillie-Winkies." The son was only a boy, yet he bravely bore the excruciating torture of the boot, and the hammer descended upon the wedges, driving them bit by bit into the lad's limbs, no less than 57 times before the law was satisfied. Even then the boy was mute.

It is believed that the boot was used in Scotland for the last time in 1690, at the same time that the thumb-screws were applied. The victim in this case was the person we have already referred to, one Neville Payne, described as an English gentleman. In 1690, three years after the abdication of King James II., Payne entered Scotland on what is described as a "treasonable mission." He was captured and put to torture, under a warrant signed by King William.

The boot was applied to one leg and the thumb-screws to both hands. Payne may have been a plotter, but he was a gallant man and of the stuff of which heroes are made. The torture was without effect, although for two hours, according to a Privy Councillor who was present, it was applied "with all the severity that was consistent with humanity, even unto that pitch that we could not have preserved life and have gone further." "Consistent with humanity" wrote the Privy Councillor of 1690! What would happen if the Privy Councillors of the present day were to resort to such practices? We can see in our mind's eye the lamp-posts in Whitehall ornamented with the dead bodies of these "humane" gentry.

A grim relic is the executioner's bell which our artist has sketched. It is a very heavy, cumbrous arrangement, and it has been present at innumerable gruesome functions. It was rung when prisoners were to be tortured, as well as when executions were to take place. Backwards and forwards it was swung, and its deep-toned note, clanging through the gaol wards, struck terror to the hearts of listening prisoners, who feared that the time had arrived when they would take the well-worn path to the executioner's shed.

Another grim relic is the beheading sword. This weapon is beautifully enamelled. The blade is engraved with "St. Michael and St. James," the date, 1757, and an inscription which reads: "Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judæorum, 1757." The sword comes from Erlangen, and was not strictly confined to beheading purposes. When a prisoner's ears had to lopped off the executioner tried the keenness of his sword's blade, and if in making the stroke the weapon penetrated the prisoner's shoulder—well, so much the worse for the victim.

Some of these swords were extremely curious, and have strange devices. On the blade of one from Venice is a gallows and wheel; one from Bamberg with a double-edged blade has embossed on the guard representations of the passions, whilst another, which belonged to Franz Schmidt, at one time executioner and one of the torturers at the Kuremberg, bears an inscription in German of which the following is a translation:

"The world steers towards mischief and I execute the judgment. When I lift of my sword, God give the sinner eternity."

The Thuringen executioner, Balthasar Glaser, who flourished in 1742, had an elaborate sword with a deal of gilt ornamentation and the inscription, "Be careful, do no ill, and you won't come to judgment," which is a very excellent motto, as mottoes go. "Justice and St. Michael" was engraved underneath. A Munich sword had on the blade a picture of a man being beheaded and the figure of St. George, whilst one from Beyreuth has two verses:

"I stand under God to execute aright,
Jesus, Thou art the Judge, and I the servant."

and

"Oh, God, take this sinner into Thy kingdom,
That he may know happiness."

Under this was a knight with a dagger.

All this, of course, was very nice for the executioner. Now-a-days there is no ornamentation about the rope, which hurls murderers into eternity.

Next week we shall deal with the Horrid Methods of Mutilation employed by our ancestors.

A DRAGOON was shot in Dublin for desertion and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial the officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away. To which he replied, "He ran away with me." "What did you do with the money you sold him for?" "That, your honour, ran away, too!"

SIR TOBY BUTLER, a famous Irish lawyer, was once pleading a cause before a judge who was suspected of being bribed. The judge, observing his linen not to be the most snowy, said to him from the bench, "Fie, Sir Toby, fie! how can you come to Court in such a dirty shirt?" "My lord," was the reply, "my shirt may be dirty, but, by my shoul, my hands are clean!"

A COUNTRYMAN very much marked with the small-pox applied to a justice of the peace for redress in an affair where one of his neighbours had ill-treated him; but, not explaining the business so clearly as the justice expected, he said in a rage, "Fellow, I don't know whether you were inoculated for the small-pox or not, but I am sure you have been for stupidity." "Why, perhaps I might," was the reply, "as you say, be inoculated for stupidity, but there was no occasion to perform the operation on your worship, for you seem to have had it in the natural way."

THE EXPLOITS OF ..

Jeremiah Grant,

THE IRISH FREEBOOTER.

"A little space for prayer; I grant it."
—SHAKESPEARE "Pericles," Act iv., Sc. 1.

JEREMIAH, called by his admirers "Captain" Grant, was the son of a poor peasant in Queen's County. He was unable to read or write, but his fertile genius obviated this misfortune, and his daring spirit triumphed over all minor obstacles.

He sallied out before the age of twenty, to levy contributions on the highway, and before he was twenty-one a chosen band of followers hailed him captain.

His depredations for several years were confined to his native county, where his improvident liberality secured him the esteem and blessings of the lower orders, while the terror of his name, and dread of his vengeance, kept those of a higher rank in complete subjection to his authority.

Like Rob Roy, he levied an annual tax on the farmers, which they cheerfully paid, as it secured them from the nocturnal visits of his followers; for Grant was a man of strict honour and a rigid disciplinarian, who punished with severity any dereliction of duty in his band

Notwithstanding the offer of reward for his apprehension, Captain Grant was to be seen at every fair and pattern in the country, and had a more numerous acquaintance than the village doctor. At every farmer's table he was welcome, and the cottages that gave him shelter were sure of reward; for he freely shared the contributions he obtained with danger.

With the ladies he was a second Macheath, and more wives than one claimed him for their husband; and no wonder, for he was frequently complimented on his person and manner, by the mistresses of those houses which he visited without the formality of an invitation. But it must be observed that Grant never forgot his accustomed humanity and politeness; and, unless when attacked by the police, he never did an individual a personal injury. His behaviour always evinced a degree of refinement above his education and birth; so much so, that even those who suffered from his depredations never spoke of him but as an accomplished villain.

His person was of the most elegant symmetry, and his agility surprising. At rural games he had no rival; and he danced with so much grace that the country girls were often heard to wish he had not been a robber.

His character at length grew so notorious in the Queen's County that a consultation of magistrates was held for the purpose of devising means for his apprehension. In consequence of the measures they adopted, several of Grant's followers were brought to justice, and they died, as their captain expressed it, of the "gallows fever." For some time his knowledge of the country and the partiality of the peasantry towards him, aided him in evading the pursuit which was made after him; but a traitor was found, and Grant was delivered into the hands of the Philistines.

The gentry of the country, and ladies of the first rank, crowded to the gaol of Maryborough to see the "bold outlaw," which, it was supposed, so much affected his sensibility that he took his departure one night from prison through a window, having first contrived to cut the bars that guarded it.

Dreading another specimen of the rudeness of the Irish aristocracy, he prudently resolved to leave the Slieve-bloom mountains, and, with the remnant of his banditti, he removed to the wood of Killoughram, in the county of Wexford, within four miles of the town of Enniscorthy. Here he continued for some time, and made frequent visits to the neighbouring towns, where he was known by the name of Cooney.

In the March of 1816 he made a journey to his native county, where he robbed the house of Thomas Cambie, Esq., of money and plate to a large amount. Mrs. Cambie was at home, and he behaved with so much politeness that she ordered him supper and wine. The captain, being impatient of delay, applied his teeth to extract a cork from a bottle, upon which the mistress observed "it was a pity to spoil his fine white teeth," and immediately stood up and procured

THE CAPTURE OF GRANT'S GANG.

him a cork-screw. Grant, on his departure, took the liberty to borrow Mr. Cambie's horse and gig, in which he rode to his retreat in the wood of Killoughram.

The captain's occasional depredations in the county of Wexford excited great alarm, for a robbery there then was a thing of very rare occurrence. Notice was given of the banditti retreat, and Archibald Jacob marched the military out of Enniscorthy and surrounded the wood. Some of the soldiers and yeomanry penetrated the fastness, and in the thickest part of the shade they discovered the "Robber Chief" and five of his followers on a bed of straw situated in a romantic cave. The freebooters defended themselves with desperate valour, and, ere they surrendered, wounded five of the military. In the cave were found all the utensils of housebreaking, and abundance of arms.

The captain was committed to Wexford gaol by the name of Cooney, but the evidence against him being doubtful, it was thought he would be acquitted, when fortunately it was discovered that he was the celebrated Captain Grant. The gaoler of Maryborough now claimed his body, and he was forthwith transmitted to his former abode. This was fortunate for the ends of justice, for it was discovered that on the night of his removal he had matured a scheme of escape from the Wexford gaol.

His trial came on at Maryborough, August the 16th, 1816, when he was found guilty of the burglary in Mr. Cambie's house. To the question "what reason he had why judgment and sentence of death should not be passed on him?" he replied, in the most firm, collected, and, indeed, feeling manner, "My lord, I only beg of the court some short time to arrange things before my departure for another place; not in the idle hope of escape or pardon, but to make restitution to the persons who have suffered by my bad line of life. I have been visited in my cell by some blessed people, who have, thank God, given this turn to my mind, and to which I implore your lordship's attention."

Grant's conduct throughout the trial was firm and collected, and was spoken of by the judge in terms of melancholy approbation.

Sufficient time was allowed him to make the arrangements he wished, after which he met his fate with decent fortitude and pious resignation, at Maryborough, August the 29th, 1816.

A WELSHMAN, having sentence of death passed upon him for marrying two wives, which was the penalty at the time, stormed and swore. "Uds split her nails, hur see no reason they had to hang hur for having two wives when the priest told hur before a great many people hur might have sixteen: four better, four worse, four richer, four poorer."

SIR NICHOLAS BACON being once, in his capacity of judge, on the point of passing sentence on a fellow just found guilty of robbery, the culprit greatly importuned him to save his life, and, among other things, alleged he had the honour of being one of his lordship's relations. "How do you prove that?" said Sir Nicholas. "My lord," replied the man, "your name is Bacon, and my name is Hog, and hog and bacon have in all ages been reckoned akin." "That is true," answered the judge, "but hog is never bacon till it has been hanged, and, therefore, until you are hanged, you can be no relation of mine."

AT the dawn of the nineteenth century Lord Kellie was, like his prototype Falstaff, "not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men." Mr. Andrew Balfour, a Scotch advocate of the period, a man of considerable humour, accompanied by a great formality of manners, happened to be one of a carnival party when his lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length Lord Kellie told him that he should not escape; he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. Balfour, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell the story than incur the forfeit. "One day," said he, in a pompous manner, "a thief in the course of his rounds saw the door of a church invitingly open. He walked in, thinking that even there he might lay hold of something. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell, of course, rang; the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away he looked up, and, emphatically addressing the bell, as I now address your lordship, 'Had it not been,' said he, 'for your long tongue, and your empty head, I should have made my escape.'"

Criminal Problems

THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS AWAITING TRIAL.

THERE is a maxim in English law to the effect that a man is to be considered innocent until he has been proved to be guilty, and it is high time that more notice was taken of this fundamental principle of British jurisprudence. Only a short time ago Sir Robert Anderson felt compelled to draw the attention of the great British public to the scandalous treatment of those who are suspected of committing crimes, and who are awaiting their trials. Go over any of our prisons where prisoners committed for trial are confined and note the conditions under which the unfortunate men have to live while preparing their defences. The cells are small, ill-ventilated, and in the case of one or two jails, swarming with vermin.

The food is scanty and of poor quality. True, if a prisoner has any money he is permitted to send out of the prison for food to the value of half-a-crown every day, and receives from some friend of the warder's very inferior articles, for which he is charged West-End restaurant prices. For an hour a day he is compelled to take exercise in the gaol yard in company with a number more unfortunates placed in similarly trying circumstances. At first sight there does not seem to be much hardship in this, but when it is remembered that in the crowd of suspects there are certain to be several "old Lags," who will assuredly force their acquaintance on their erstwhile companion in misfortune when they have "done their time." Many of the committed prisoners may be entirely innocent of the charges brought against them, and certainly do not want to be recognised later in life by notorious offenders with whom they have been compulsorily herded in the exercise yard.

Again, it is well known that the loss of liberty and the gloom of a prison cell form not the least part of the punishment for committed crimes, why should the man who is only suspected have to endure part of the regular penalty for wrong-doing before any misdeed has been brought home to him? Under the happiest conditions confinement has a deteriorating effect on the individual, and weakens his mental faculties, and it is certainly in accordance with justice that a prisoner's chance of defending himself to the very best of his ability should not be prejudiced by any action on the part of the law.

Compared with the treatment of suspected criminals, the convict lives in clover. His cell is large, scrupulously clean, he enjoys more liberty and is better fed, both as regards quantity and quality. This looks rather like favouring the obviously guilty and putting a premium on crime.

Undoubtedly persons suspected of grave offences must be detained until their time of trial comes round, if there is the least chance of their trying to escape from the strong hand of the law, but this should be done with all regard for their comfort as far as is possible, and it is not going too far to say that the entire cost of maintaining the suspect in a manner suitable to his position in life should be borne by the State.

Again different classes should be recognised in the houses of detention, and the man accused of his first crime carefully shielded from contact with those who have many times infringed the law. In France, Germany, and Italy this is done, and little extra work is thrown on the prison officials.

Lately there have been many complaints against the archaic mode of conveying prisoners to and from the courts. The "Black Maria" is insanitary to a degree. There is not the least reason why Government should unnecessarily expose a man to disease and contagion, especially as the suspected person may ultimately prove to be innocent.

Hitherto no effort has been made to better the lot of those whom we are forced to entertain for a time, and, while advances have been made in every other department of the prison service for the benefit of the convicted, that for the innocent has been neglected.

JUSTICE (at Bow Street): "Sir, how do you live?"

Prisoner: "Pretty well, sir; generally a joint and a pudding at dinner."

Justice: "I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?"

Prisoner: "I beg your worship's pardon. Sometimes at the chandler's shop, sometimes at the baker's."

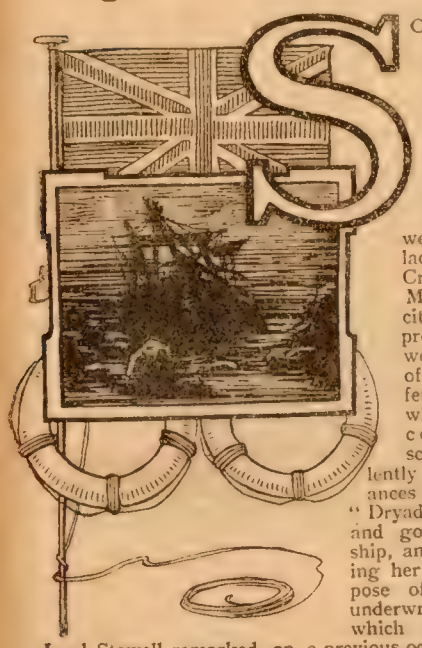
Justice: "You may be as witty as you please, sir; but I mean to ask you how you do?"

Prisoner: "Tolerably well, I thank heaven! I hope your worship is well." (Cetera desunt.)

The Casting Away of the . . Good Ship "DRYAD."

"Plant fruit-trees in large borders, and set therein fine flowers, but thin and sparingly, lest they deceive the trees."

—BACON.



SO great and grave were the issues for the interest of those connected with shipping, and so atrocious the crime, that the trial of Michael Shaw Stewart Wallace and Patrick Maxwell Stewart Wallace at the Central Criminal Court on March 3, 1841, excited more than the proverbial nine-days' wonder in the City of London. The offenders were charged with having been concerned in a scheme for fraudulently effecting insurances upon a ship—the "Dryad"—her freight, and goods on board the ship, and for wilfully casting her away for the purpose of defrauding the underwriters, concerning which species of offence Lord Stowell remarked, on a previous occasion:

"To you, as commercial men"—speaking to the jury—"it is unnecessary to say much on the malignity of sinking a ship and cargo with intent to defraud the underwriters. It strikes at the root of the maritime commerce, and, consequently, of the power and the security of this country, so intimately connected with the prosperity of its maritime commerce. It is owing to the property of that class of men, the insurers, who, by dividing the risk, increase the security of private individuals, and give the benefit of large capitals to the adventurer of slender means, that our commerce has triumphed in its activity over all competition."

The nature of the charge, to be brief, hinged on the fact that the prisoners had hired one, Edmund Loose, a master mariner, to convey the "Dryad" from Liverpool to Santa Cruz. In this vessel Michael had a three-fourths share, one-fourth belonging to a firm styled Howden and Co., Michael having mortgaged his three-fourths share to his sister, Janet Wallace. On the 25th of July, 1839, the "Dryad" was chartered by Messrs. Zulueta and Co., for the voyage, for £300, of which £200 was to be paid before the vessel sailed, and the remaining £100 when the cargo was delivered. The entire stowage was hired by Zulueta and Co., and they alone had a right to load any goods on board her for the voyage. Howden and Co., by the direction of Michael Wallace, effected an insurance on the ship for £2,000, and the latter received of this sum £1,375 when the total loss was claimed. Another insurance had likewise been effected, at the request of Michael, for £300 on the freight of the vessel, which also had been paid. Patrick Wallace had a little on his own in the way of insurance. There was a policy for £715, which Patrick ordered to be effected in the name of Michael. This was effected with the Alliance Insurance Company. There was a pretended bill of lading for certain goods, which was signed by Edmund Loose, the captain. Another policy, to cover the same risk, was effected by James Stott, a shipbroker, for a sum of £1,264, under the order of Patrick Wallace, with the Maritime Insurance Company, and this also was satisfied on the presentation of claim.

Michael further procured a policy on the Neptune Company for £687, through Messrs. Lendell and Hall, on goods which, as in other instances, never were shipped. And again, the Indemnity Company was victimised to the extent of £600; and whilst at Liverpool superintending the outfit of the "Dryad," Michael Wallace succeeded in procuring another cover for £600, which was claimed and duly paid.

Thus, in all some £4,000 of insurances were effected, mostly upon non-existent freights. The vessel sailed from Liverpool in due course, and almost from the beginning of the voyage circumstances occurred which excited the suspicions of the crew. The larboard pump was choked up. The captain gave orders that two tackles should be affixed to the long-boat, whereby it would be ready for service at any time. The ship proceeded, but she did not follow the track she ought to have pursued. She met with no stress of weather, but the captain all the time had full command of his course. He ought to have steered by the south side of the Isle of St. Domingo, and so on to Santa Cruz; but he thought fit to go to the north side of Hayti, or St. Domingo. At Anagada he made an attempt to run the vessel on a reef of rocks. That attempt, however, did not succeed, and he proceeded. He kept close in shore, creeping along until he came to a point called Silver Keys, and there again he made an attempt to run the ship upon a reef.

He was warned of what he was about, not only by those who were on board with him, but a signal-gun was fired by the captain of another ship, called the "Bencoolen." A flag was hoisted to warn him of his danger; but still he would not divert from his course to run on the breakers, and get on the reefs.

This he successfully accomplished, and the vessel struck. She was, however, taken in tow by a pilot-boat, and carried into a port, where she was repaired, and later sailed for Santa Cruz. Again the captain got out of his course. He continued to creep along the coast, although everything favoured the voyage to the vessel's destination. There was now no time to be lost in the accomplishment of his nefarious purpose, and, accordingly, when about fifteen miles from Cape Cruz, he, a second time, ran the vessel on the breakers. She might have been got off, but the captain would not allow anything to be done, and then the ship and the greater portion of the cargo were lost. The captain and his men got to Jamaica, whence the men came home to England; but the captain never returned, for he was no longer in this world to answer for his offence. Upon these facts, which were fully borne out at the trial, there was no helping a verdict of guilty, and the two prisoners were condemned to transportation for life.

After having dwelt upon a description of the crime and its objects, we shall now proceed to describe the habits and social environments of the two men, which will be found to be perhaps more entertaining than the dull details which we have given.

In the case of Michael Wallace, there was "Woman" in it, and the misguided tar (he also was a master mariner) was not "free from all the uncleanness of diabolical infatuation." Among a number of statements written by the convicts, some of which incriminated other individuals, Michael gave some interesting particulars of his career.

Up to the latter end of the year 1836, he was, he alleged, a steady, hard-working fellow. At that time he commanded the "Delta," and, unfortunately, went into Liverpool with a cargo from Brazil, and was there introduced into the family of a gentleman (not named in the public records) whose foundation was well known to have been buying old ships and casting them away. He was encouraged by this individual and his wife to seek their daughter, and he confessed the ambition tempted him to forget his old playmate, his unfortunate wife, and he believed that he would have done anything to have gained his inamorata's affections. He gave a deaf ear to all persuasions, nothwithstanding many warnings against his evil genius, who urged the unsound principle, "Get money—never mind how, so as you have it."

This villain was unremitting in his promptings, and anticipated a rich coup, under the impression that his misguided victim was the son of an opulent sire. Apart from this amorous intrigue, Michael was well-known to be great on a class of enjoyment, utterly out of range with his surroundings. He was of a rollicking, devil-may-care disposi-

tion, and his peculiar and best-favoured form of entertainment mostly consisted of the acrid and noisome taproom, and it must have occurred to him in his subsequent captivity, in reflecting upon these orgies, in the language of Shakespeare, "Where be your gibes now?—your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?" A taste of sea-life, with its rough-and-ready ways must, of course, have contributed to this vulgar taste, if not to those nefarious designs which brought upon them such a terrible retribution.

Notwithstanding the mode of living indulged in by Michael, there was none more punctilious in his business habits, and No. 18, Cooper's Row, Crutched Friars, the business establishment of the Wallaces, found him there when the tide of trade swept each morning over the commercial world as it was reflected in the metropolis. The tastes and predilections of Patrick Wallace were in diametrical opposition to those of his brother. He was more of the Beau Nash style, and his darling resorts were those circles of refinement into which his versatility and erudition, to say nothing of his most presentable appearance, readily admitted him.

Patrick was equally in favour among certain sections of the learned and religious fraternities, where his powers of declamation and his valuable repertory of knowledge invested him with an irresistible power and influence. He wrote several works, which created a profound impression, and, as an entertainer, he was universally welcomed in every social circle.

When the news was bruited over the City that the Wallaces were arrested on a criminal charge, it was taken with contemptuous and scornful scepticism. The Wallaces!—and, above all people, the erudite, the much-esteemed and honoured Patrick Maxwell Stewart Wallace! But, great as the inclination was to discredit the rumour, it very soon became apparent that there was justification for the intelligence, for the Crutched Friars premises became the object of unwonted interest.

Small knots of beholders were to be seen lingering about the premises, and the presence of the "men in blue" only too plainly denoted the fact that something extraordinary had happened. In truth, this had been so, and the published facts were eagerly scanned in the earliest prints recording the details. We have given a brief outline of the trial, which fully described the deeds of these two brothers of such extremely opposite tastes, yet in harmony upon the one point which brought them to ruin and on a common plane. The tap-room of the "Pig and Whistle" no more knew the ever-welcome Matthew, and its denizens would for ever deplore the loss of a congenial pal, with his ready wit—and drinks. The salons of Eaton Square, the lecture-hall of the London Institution, would not again receive the once lionised critic and lecturer, and the "anniversaries" of many Bethels and other sanctuaries would henceforth have to look farther afield for an "eligible" chairman.

THE WRECK OF THE "TRYAL."

It is not recorded how the heart of Patrick stood with regard to the "opposite" sex, and history is mute as to his domestic affairs, other than that of his paternal home.

If any secret torture lurked in the fair bosom of some yearning maid, captivated by her unspeakable prince, the reawakening must have been strong and quick when the dénouement came.

Anyhow, in the darkness of his fell designs, Patrick Wallace, in his less prosaic moments, was charged with the sublimity of thought to the end, for, as he was arrested, he was making his way to Bloomsbury Chapel, where an expectant throng was waiting to hear his lecture on "Commercial Integrity: the Sheet-Anchor of England's Greatness."

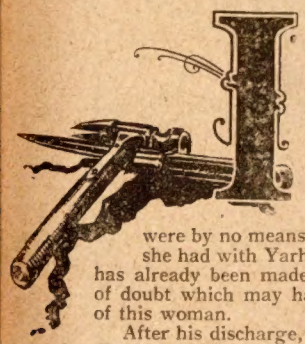
SAMUEL YARHAM

The Yarmouth Shoemaker

Who expiated his crime after turning informer against his associates.

"Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch, homicide . . . ."
—MILTON.

PART II.



IT will have been noted that the position taken up by Mrs. Dick, who may be regarded as the principal witness, and the extraordinary allegation which she had made, have suggested a considerable amount of mystery in her share of the proceedings. Her frequent discourses with Yarham, and the somewhat cryptic import of some of these were by no means satisfactory. An interview which she had with Yarham, concerning which no mention has already been made, certainly increased any element of doubt which may have been found as to the veracity of this woman.

After his discharge, and when he was undergoing the hostile demonstrations, he suddenly encountered Mrs. Dick again, when the following conversation took place:

"How do you do?" said Yarham.

"I don't know you," was the reply. Strange that on several occasions the woman's visual organs should have been so feeble!

"Do any of these three fellows (indicating Royal, Mapes, and Hall) interfere with you?"

"They do not interfere with me so much as they do with the girl." (This was a daughter of Mrs. Dick's, who also had given evidence at the trial.) "Do they interfere with you?"

"No," was the reply; "they know better. But the people plague me so much that I cannot stay here. I have been to the workhouse to get money to go away with."

"I think you ought to have spoken the truth at first," replied the woman, "and things would have gone better. I think you are either the murderer yourself or you know who did it."

"Stop!" said Yarham, as Mrs. Dick turned to take her departure; "I will tell you all about it."

He then said that he was not so much to blame as the other fellows, for they never let him rest after they had heard that Mrs. Candler had got the money. They asked him to let them into the house; but he made a bargain with them not to hurt the old woman, for they had time enough to get the money while she was getting the beer, as she was generally a quarter of an hour gone. He let them in at the back door, except Royal, who watched about, the moment she went for the beer. He told them to go into the bedroom, for that was where she kept the money. While they were there the woman came in sooner than her usual time. He (Yarham) was upstairs, and, on hearing her come in, he put out the candle and sat on the bed. Royal went in. The victim ejaculated:

"What do you here? I know you."

Royal asked for half an ounce of tobacco, and, while she was getting it, Royal and Hall knocked her down with a pair of pincers. They thought she was dead. Mapes ran out to a woman on the other side of the street, and said, "All's right." He asked if there was any noise in "The Swan." She said, "I will go and see who is there." She said there were several people there. They all went up Black Swan Row, and saw several people there. One of them was a young man who they thought must know them. Mapes then ran home to the "Feathers" tap. As he was going along the Market Gates he saw a person turn a light upon him, who afterwards appeared to be a certain Layton. Yarham, according to himself, then ran home, telling the others to bury the money in the sand, and to give him the signal when it was done, as his house would be sure to be searched first. When he went home he saw the woman lying in the shop. She turned her eyes on him, and, seeing a lard knife lying by her, he took it and cut her throat.

At this point in Yarham's "confession" Mrs. Dick exclaimed:

"Then you are the murderer!"

"No," was the reply. "She could not live; she had been beaten so much by Royal and Hall."

Continuing, Yarham stated that Royal gave the prearranged signal, and he opened the window and saw Royal go down the street, and a policeman coming down the other. There was a man who came up then, and slapping Royal on the shoulder, said, "Are you going?" and they both went away together.

The strangest feature of the entire case was that this extraordinary statement on the part of Mrs. Dick was not forthcoming at the trial, and that circumstance is rendered the more strange by the fact that, although Mrs. Dick volunteered the details to the magistrate—or rather the mayor—who tabooed it entirely, and characterised it as an improbable story utterly unworthy of credence or notice, and on all hands Mrs. Dick was pressed not to repeat the conversation.

About three months after the statement was made, however, a communication on the subject was made to Captain Love, the superintendent of the local police, and, the matter being inquired into, it was deemed proper to act on that communication, with the result that Yarham was apprehended in Gloucestershire, and fully committed to take his trial for the murder of the deceased.

The whole of the case was gone into again at considerable length. Nemesis had been at her unerring work, and pursued her victim to the infallible end. The court was crowded to suffocation. The prisoner's counsel battled valiantly for the miserable wretch in the dock, the judge gravely addressed the jury, and all awaited the climax. "Guilty!" was the early finding, and the "I am innocent, so help me God!" of the convict, was taken only as a piece of bravado, which was neutralised by the solemn invocation of the judge that the condemned man should prepare for that doom from which, in the immutibility of things mundane, there was no hope against.

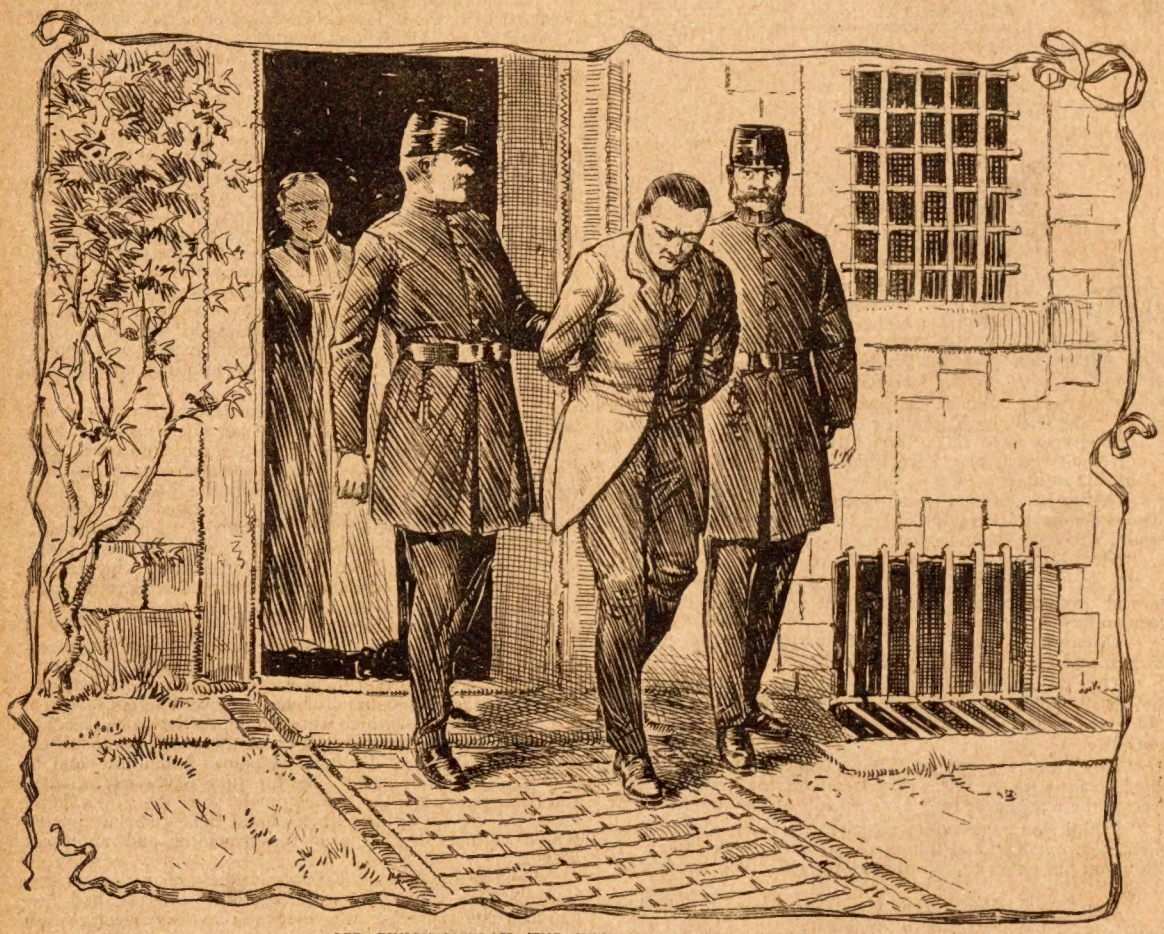
On Saturday, April 11, following the condemnation, there was a strange scene in Norwich—a concatenation of circumstances. On Castle Hill there were two scenes enacted, exhibiting as they did in dreadful contrast two different features of English manners, which were too impressive to be speedily forgotten, though the recollection of them will never fail to recall associations of disgust and pain. A hanging and a fair—death and buffoonery—the functions of the executioner and the escapades of the Harlequinade, were the sights there furnished in incongruous succession. It is said that 40,000 persons witnessed the last of the trembling and agonised wretch.

The demeanour of the victim, and the preparations of the hangman, were watched with breathless interest, and the gaping rustics gazed with awe at the convulsive struggles of the body and its ghastly swinging during the period which was at that time allowed for the purpose; after which the multitude forming the beholders adjourned to their revelries, in the midst of which the gruesome spectacle on Castle Hill was soon forgotten.

The drop was erected on the centre of the bridge, over the fosse which surrounded the castle. Ere the fatal hour had arrived, the area in front of the castle, including eight or ten acres, and used as the cattle market, became densely crowded with eager spectators, and lamp-posts, palisades, and other elevations were made available for their eager curiosity. A large proportion of them were females, whose demeanour indicated anything but a serious feeling and an appropriate application of the awful circumstances they were about to witness.

There were various reports as to Yarham having made a confession, but whether he had or not, nothing transpired at the execution to lead to an opinion either way. Nobody doubted his guilt, but many were anxious that he should speak the truth about others whom he had implicated in the affair with himself. Royal was present, and expressed a wish to demand of Yarham an acknowledgment of the truth with reference to himself. Hall and Mapes, it was said, were also present, and hoped that they would have been able to call to him from the palisading, but the distance from them to the drop was too great.

As soon as the clock struck twelve, the unhappy man was led, pinioned, from the interior of the castle by the turnkeys. At this moment the anxiety was intense, and the closely-wedged assembly waved by alternate pressures. The procession ascended the fatal platform, the death-knell gave forth its occasional solemn sounds; the scene was one of the most awful that any contemplative mind could imagine. It was a quiet, noiseless scene. The fatal bolt was drawn, and the culprit fell! Yarham, being physically a light man, and owing to wasting grief, which preyed on him since his conviction, was made still lighter, it was long before the absence of motion in his limbs indicated the separation of soul and body, and it is recorded that his had been the most



LED PINIONED FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE CASTLE.

protracted of the sufferings of any man ever brought to the same position.

Circumstances favour our reverting to the origin of this strange case.

The callous, selfish nature of the condemned man was nowhere more strongly exemplified than when, in the witness-box, he strenuously sought to swear away the lives of Royal, Hall, and Mapes, when, in April, 1845, they were brought up for trial on the same charge. This part of the case stands on its foundation; and we have only touched it very faintly.

The trial of these men caused no less sensation than did that of Yarham. There was the same throng of spectators in the court, the same lot of marshalled—perhaps suborned—evidence, the same forensic energy; but, happily, not the same termination.

The case turned almost entirely upon the perjured evidence of Yarham himself, supported by the testimony of his no less perjured wife.

Counsel for the prosecution, with that easy self-reliancy peculiar to the class, exerted himself to the utmost in detailing the circumstances, and the counsel's speech, which has a massive appearance on the newspaper pages of the time, very minutely dwelt upon the many circumstances which fastened the guilt upon the men in the dock. The direct testimony was that of Yarham, the man who lived on the premises with the murdered woman, and he admitted that it must be received with strong suspicion. His story required the most serious, nay, the most suspicious, examination on the part of the jury. It was impossible to listen to the story this man had told, without coming to the conclusion that he was a man of great moral depravity of conduct. It was impossible for people to hear his statement without feeling their blood run cold at the bare possibility of such a statement being true.

It would almost seem, indeed, that the great limb of the law, in conscientiously discharging a duty, did so unwillingly, and at one time his review seemed more to the point that he inwardly fixed the real person who had perpetrated the deed, although he relied upon certain "facts" which made it impossible—so he argued—that Yarham was not the murderer.

The cross-examination of "the witness" Yarham was one of the keenest we have ever heard or read. We may say the same of the alacrity with which each penetrating thrust was received and parried. Yarham was in no way to be shaken. Referring to this matter, the counsel for the prosecution, in his concluding remarks, said that "had Yarham been the murderer, he could not have withstood the cross-examination. He had withstood it, however, and not a single inaccuracy could be detected. He admitted the strangeness of Yarham's conduct, at which he could not conceal his disgust, but contended that his evidence was so far corroborated as to be entitled to the credit of the jury." The judge, however, was less optimistic, and gave little encouragement to the jurymen to credit the assertions of Yarham. A few minutes only were spent by the jury in discharging the innocent men.

We have put this reading matter in suppplementary form as an inducement to reflection upon the terrible possibilities for those persons who are compelled to go through a painful ordeal under forbidding circumstantial evidence.

Poisons;

THE MYSTERIOUS DRUGS which silently deal death, now popularly described for the first time . .

OPIUM.

THERE is no drug so well known as a poison, and, at the same time, so rarely used by the murderer, as opium. Whether this is due to the slow action of the poison in the majority of cases, or to the distinctive smell and symptoms, known to all, we cannot say, but the fact remains that while the suicide flies to opium, the poisoner shuns it, and prefers to attain his end by other means.

The history of opium stretches back into the past, and is lost in the cloud of mythology. Homer, who probably lived about 850 B.C., tells us that Helen of Troy gave to the guests of Menelaus a magic potion called Nepenthe, which drove away their care and sorrow, and mentions that the Nepenthe was obtained from Thebes, the ancient capital of Egypt. Modern commentators declare that this draught was merely wine mixed with opium, and it is known that in the palmy days of Egypt, opium eating was fashionable among the subjects of the Pharaohs. Theophrastus and Dioscorides both make mention of the juice of the poppy, and the latter gives directions for collecting the precious extract. Two later physicians, Alpinus and Celsus, tell us of the method of making vinum creticum, or cretic wine, a mixture of opium, cardamums, pepper, and spices boiled in wine. The draught was originally invented in Egypt, but rapidly became popular in Rome, and at length was interdicted on account of the propensity which the habit had to become a vice.

The Persians were familiar with the poppy and its products from the earliest ages, and it is probable that from that country the use of opium was introduced into India. Certain it is that in 1511 opium eating was a national habit in the East, and has been ever since, in spite of the ravings of fanatics. China, the home of the opium smoker, owes its knowledge of the drug also to the East, for it was from the Arabs who traded with remote Cathay, as long ago as the ninth century, that they first received the dower of the sleep god, and it was not till the eighteenth century that opium was imported into China from India. Prior to that time, Persian opium and a home-grown product supplied the wants of the Yellow Man.

Opium is the juice of papaver somniferum, the opium poppy. No more beautiful sight can be imagined than to see the whole country side ablaze with the purple and white poppies from which the valuable extract is obtained. The native cultivators guard their fields very carefully when they see that the flowers are about to fall. Then, as soon as the petals have been shed, leaving the well-known capsule containing the seeds, the time for reaping the harvest has come. Armed with a slender knife, wrapped round with cotton or string to within a quarter of an inch of the point, the ryot passes rapidly from plant to plant, making two little slits, one on each side, of each capsule. The speed with which this is done is astonishing. The thick white juice of the poppy oozes out of the slits, and soon dries as a brownish, gummy matter on the side of the capsule. That evening the cultivator goes round again and scrapes the gum off the plants, making some more slits for a fresh supply of juice to be ready next morning. About six incisions in each capsule is as much as the plant can stand, and it then commences to die.

The sticky juice is collected and warmed, and then rolled up into balls, which are covered with leaves, and the product is crude opium. This is taken to the nearest Government station and sold to the officer there, for the Government has a monopoly of all sales of opium both in India and in Persia.

For consumption in the East, and for smoking in China, little more is done to the gum than to weigh it out and stamp it with the Government stamp, but for use in medicine the juice has to be refined, for it can readily be understood that from the leaves, the hands of the cultivator, the dust of the vast plains on which the poppy grows, and the insanitary huts of the natives, each ball of opium contains almost as much dirt as poppy extract. The refining is effected by means of mixing carefully with water and filtering, then drying the product and treating with other solvents; it is then ready for conversion into the various forms under which we know it.

The poisoner and the suicide principally concern themselves with laudanum, which is tincture of opium, or the purified drug dissolved in spirits, and morphia, the alkaloid which gives the opium most of its power.

The characteristics of opium poisoning are well known. The patient gets drowsy, and is often afflicted with nausea. The face is sometimes swollen and highly coloured, while the pupils of the eyes are contracted, and do not dilate in the dark. Gradually the patient becomes unconscious, and cannot be roused to answer questions, as can a man who is intoxicated with alcohol. The skin may be cold and clammy, yet bathed in profuse perspiration, although the victim complains of feeling cold. Then unconsciousness sets in, and the muscles get flabby and relaxed in most cases, though occasionally there may be spasmodic contractions. The breathing is slow and noisy, the pulse low. As a rule, there is a strong smell of laudanum, if that drug has been taken, but if the victim is suffering from an overdose of morphia, there is no smell.

Should any of our readers find a person in that condition, and smell opium, the first thing to do is to send for a doctor. In the interval of waiting for the arrival of the medical man, the best thing to be done is to administer an emetic, which may consist of a spoonful of mustard in a glass of luke-warm water; then give the sufferer a cup of warm—not hot—coffee, and do your best to keep him awake. Smelling salts or ammonia applied to the nose are useful, the latter especially. Do not put the sick man in a draught, as though he may recover from the opium, there is no need to run the risk of killing him later with pneumonia. When the doctor arrives he will probably administer a hypodermic injection of either atropine or strychnine, and possibly apply an electric current to the back and chest. Those are remedies, however, which must be left to the skilled man.

The symptoms of morphia poisoning are precisely similar to those of laudanum, with the exception, as we have pointed out, that there is no smell. Morphia is a fine white crystalline substance, not unlike quinine if powdered. It is a very powerful narcotic, as little as one grain having destroyed life. Its action is much more rapid than that of laudanum or opium itself, a chemist having recently killed a woman in fifty minutes by giving her two grains of morphia in mistake for quinine. It is very rapidly absorbed by the flesh, and can thus enter the system in three ways.

Morphia, when first discovered, was thought likely to lend itself to the poisoner very readily, but it has not been utilised in any celebrated case, though in America there have been one or two suspicious cases of morphia poisoning. Cases of suicide and accidental poisoning are therefore the only ones which are likely to come under the notice of our readers. It may be mentioned that opium does contain an alkaloid which has exactly the opposite effect to morphia, being a strong convulsive poison resembling strychnine. It is called thebaine or paramorphine.

In the laboratory morphia is very readily detected, as small a quantity as one ten-thousandth part of a grain giving a distinct blood-red colour when added to a little nitric acid, while a slightly larger quantity will turn chloride of iron a blue, which soon changes to a fine green colour. It is fortunate that there is such a reliable test for morphia, since for opium itself, with the exception of the smell, there is no actual test, so the chemist has to rely on detecting the morphia, which all opium contains to the extent of at least nine per cent.

But though opium does not enter largely into the criminal annals of the country as far as the poisoner is concerned, we still have to do with it as an incentive to crime. We have said that the Governments of India and Persia hold the monopoly of the sale of opium in their respective countries. This has led the natives of those lands, to whom opium is almost worth its weight in silver, to invent all manners of ingenious methods of smuggling the precious drug, and thus avoiding paying duty thereon.

In India no native who has not got a licence to sell opium on behalf of the Government is allowed to have in his possession more than five tolas of opium, or an amount equivalent to the weight of five florins; but it is one thing to make a law and another to enforce it, and a large force of Customs Inspectors have to be employed to track offenders.

Naturally the places which have to be watched most carefully are the frontiers of the Native States, for the native of India, especially if an official, is far from incorruptible, and a little bribe would soon close the mouth and eyes of one of the Rajah's advisers as to the transport and concealment of a parcel of opium in his territory. The most important case of

opium smuggling in recent years took place on the Kathiawar Frontier in 1896. The Customs Officer in charge of about thirty miles of frontier became aware of the fact that there was a good deal more opium being sold round about his district than the opium dealers' customs passes revealed, and for a long time he could not get any tidings of the offenders. At last, one day a native came and turned informer, as they frequently do, telling the officer that the opium was concealed in the town of Lakhtar, the headquarters of a petty principality some twenty miles away from the officer's station, and about ten miles from Wadhwan, the capital of one of the important Kathiawar Protected States. The news arrived about mid-day, and by the time that the officer had completed his arrangements it was nearly dark, for he had to collect his men from all sorts of outlying stations to join in the attack on the opium smugglers.

The informer was restless, and wanted to be allowed to return home; but, to his chagrin, he found that he was to be kept as a hostage till the opium was secured. All being ready, the officer, accompanied by another Englishman, and fifteen sepoys, set out for Viramgaum railway station, intending to catch the last train to Wadhwan. This they did, reaching Wadhwan at midnight. Then came a march of ten miles across the Lakhtar Plain, the whole party taking advantage of every little scrap of cover, so as not to be seen by any natives who might be about and who would certainly raise the alarm.

About half-past three the town was reached, and it was arranged that the officer should make for one of the gates of the town, while his friend and five men should hurry round to the second gate to cut off any attempt at escape. Both gates of the town were locked, and the officers refused admittance, so they had to force an entrance, a proceeding which took a considerable time. No sooner did the party get actually into the place, than the Chieftain came, with many apologies, and declared that he had only just been apprised of the fact that the Queen's officers desired admission. He then offered to assist in the search, and accompanied the party. A whole day was occupied in the town, ransacking all the suspected houses, while the informer protested that he knew that opium had been stored there when he had left on the previous day.

At last the officer decided to give the matter up as a bad job, and commenced to withdraw his men towards Wadhwan, when he noticed a bullock cart being driven towards Lakhtar, and decided to wait till it came up. He did so, and, on inspecting it, noticed one or two leaves similar to those in which opium is wrapped on the floor of the cart. Though he felt sure that the cart was used for smuggling opium, he had no proof, and was going to leave, when one of his native sepoys pointed out to him the fact that the opium adhering to the leaves was not of the same colour as the Government opium. To this he said nothing, but marched ostentatiously back to Wadhwan, and thence took tickets for his party to their homes.

But he did not go farther than the next station, where he got out himself, with the other Englishman and four tried men. These remained at the station till nightfall, taking care that no native left the little building, watching the horizon carefully till they saw a signal made with a little fire, some distance out on the plain. Then all started towards Lakhtar again. When the officer reached the place where he had seen the signal, he noticed that something had been stored there, in a pit which had obviously just been opened. That confirmed his suspicions, and following in the wheel tracks, he came up with a large bullock wagon. He called the drivers to stop, but they tried to urge on their unwieldly vehicle. A threat of shooting, however, made them halt, and the officer found that the cart was laden with smuggled opium, and, moreover, was the property of the Chieftain! Unfortunately, opium smuggling is punishable with a fine, which was immediately paid, and the incident forgotten except in the annals of the service, for the opium recovered weighed ten maunds, or 840 pounds.

Opium eating does not seem to harm the natives of India, almost all of whom make use of the little black pills; but on Europeans it has a most baleful effect, changing their natures and perverting their characters entirely. But, bad as opium eating is, opium smoking is worse, and degrades its habitués almost to the level of the beasts. Fortunately, few Englishmen have contracted the habit, though there are to be found in the East End of London dens where Europeans soak themselves with the deadly drug and become beasts. Law will put these dangerous houses down as soon as it is understood how baleful the habit is to white men.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

A MAN having been capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, was, as usual, asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed on him. "Say," replied he, "why, I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the least that's said about it the better. If you please, sir, we'll drop the subject."

A MAN having been accused of marrying five wives was committed to prison, and, being asked by the judge on his trial how he came to take so many wives, he replied, "In order, if possible, to find one good one, and then stick to her." "Oh! oh!" said the judge, "as you cannot find a good wife in this world, you may succeed better in the next; so get you gone thither!" and immediately signed the warrant for his execution.

WHEN, during the violent clamour about sedition and plots in the City of London, a fellow was taken before the magistrates for crying out, "No king! We want no king!" he was asked what he had to say for himself. He confessed that he had used the words, but said, in his defence, that he was sorry they should be misunderstood, for he only meant that they did not want a king, because they had a king, and a very good one, too!

A QUAKER, coming to town with his team, was laid hold of and taken before a justice for riding upon the shafts of his cart and fined forty shillings. The Quaker, without hesitation, threw down two guineas, when the justice offered him two shillings change. "Ay!" says the Quaker, "but thou hast been to so much trouble, thou mayst keep the two shillings for thyself; only thou write it down on a bit o' paper for my satisfaction." Which the justice accordingly did, and gave a receipt for two guineas, but not upon stamped paper. The Quaker immediately went to a neighbouring justice, showed him the receipt and told him he had just taken it, and asked if it was according to law. "No," said the justice; "it should have been stamped." The offending justice was sued, and was fined in the penalty of a fiver.

IN the Cornish rebellion, in the year 1658, a miller, being apprehensive that the Provost Marshal would pay him a visit and order him to be hanged, left his mill and told his servant that he expected some gentlemen would come fishing to the pond, and if they inquired for the miller, ordered him to say that he was the miller. The Provost came, according to expectation, and inquired for the miller, and the poor, harmless servant said he was the miller, on which the Provost ordered him to be hanged. This made him cry out that he was not the miller, but the miller's man; but the Provost said he would take him at his word. "If," said he, "thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and a rebel; if thou art the miller's man, thou art a foolish and a lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to hang for him." And so, without more ceremony, he was turned off.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

X. Y. Z.—You are quite right. No one is permitted to vivisect without a proper licence. Heavy punishment would assuredly follow conviction.

PURITY.—Yes; the statement that in London there are 60,000 loose women was made by the Rev. H. Rowley in his pamphlet entitled, "Social Purity." That was dealing with the year 1886. More stringent measures have now probably reduced the actual proportion but not the number, owing to the increase of population.

W. GOODCHYLDE.—Thank you for the suggestion, but we do not think that articles on Social Economy would be suitable for this paper.

SCHOLAR.—Every important prison has a schoolmaster, and no effort is spared to raise the standard of education of convicts and prisoners. Tiny county gaols, of course, are excepted.

HERALD.—There was a Barbara Spencer strangled and burnt at Tyburn for treason on July 5, 1721.

SCOT.—William Burk, who was a robber and suffered at Tyburn in April, 1723, has apparently been confounded with William Burke who was the infamous partner with Hare. He was hanged on January 28, 1823.

LAURENCE.—You may rely on our account being correct. Much nonsense has been written about Peace.

DEVON.—John Lee is not at liberty in spite of rumours to that effect.

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